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THE FRONT PAGE.

THE C. P. R. is unable to get over the idea that it is the parent of the West. That railway company cannot forget that it founded the towns, built them up, helped them grow from little to much, while it sees, even yet, that many an ambitious hamlet has its population doubled for a few minutes twice a day, when the through trains pause at the water tank, so that the engines may slake their thirst. It is at this propitious moment that the ambitious western town takes a census of the place. However, the role of the parent can be overworked. To every parent there comes a time when authority over one's offspring must be established on a new basis, and obedience, if it is to continue, must be deserved, for no longer can it be demanded and compelled. Many a foolish father has estranged his sons and embittered his old age by failing to understand that at the right moment he should resign mastery and take up the role of a friendly counsellor to grown sons.

To the West the C.P.R. has meant much. Yet for what the railway has done the railway has been paid, and if not at first, in the end, the West does the paying. The railway is accused by the newspapers of the West of trying to control the free agency of the press, by corking up independent channels of news, forcing the papers to accept the news service supplied by the company, and by requiring journals to undertake to print no unfriendly criticism of the company, if they desire to get telegraphic news at a price they can afford to pay. The charge is made that in some instances telegraphic news despatches have been censored, amended in transmission or delayed. In fact, the complaint is that the company bosses the job altogether too much, and the newspapers feel that they must break away from this outside, and necessarily sinister, control.

It is natural enough that prominent railway officials, having an abiding faith in the purity of their own motives and the soundness of their own judgment, should resent criticism from puny journals published in mushroom towns where through trains stop to let the axles cool, published by men, who, when they started their publications, had not enough capital to pay fare for themselves or freight on the printing plant that followed after them. It is difficult, if not impossible, for a high-up railway official to understand the spirit that beats eternal in the editorial bosom. It may be true that an editor had little money when he began, and it may be that he will have little when he ends; he may not be much of a man to look at from the bevelled windows of an official private car, as he stands on a station platform trying to collect a year's subscription from a Siwash or a half-breed; he may write gentle letters when he applies for free transportation over the line to Somewhere and back again, but whatever he is or was, he will be a poor tool if he fails to voice in print the complaints people are making against late trains, high freight rates, car famine, or a shortage of coal. He must speak up or lose his voice. That's what he is there for. Some small newspapers have grown into great ones, but this has never happened—so far as I know—where a journal has been run to please any of the many self-appointed masters, who would silence it in this, that and the other respect.

The C.P.R. is playing a losing game in attempting to retain control over the news and views of the press of Western Canada. The attempt can only anger the press, unite it, provoke it into making reprisals, and the railway company does not stand the ghost of a chance of proving successful in its efforts to stifle criticism and prevent the dissemination of news unfriendly to itself. The printed sheet is scarcely second to the steam engine as a modern agent, and the prediction may be ventured that the C.P.R., by its action in the West, has set influences in motion that will lead, at an early day, to the formation of a Dominion Press Association, which will be strong enough to ensure the transmission of independent news over all sections of the country without fear of railway or telegraph companies, and without depending on their favor. The movement for nationalizing the telegraph service will gain strength in the present squabble.

TORONTO builds, grows, extends her boundaries in a way that is unscientific and the cause of grief to every discerning mind.

For the last thirty years our charity workers and city fathers have been struggling with the problems of the Ward—its unsanitary condition, its danger as a disease area, the unwholesome surroundings of its child population and the many other difficulties which have arisen from overcrowding in squalid and outworn dwellings and from the absence of modern plumbing and sewage equipment. To-day the city has practically abandoned the problem, hoping that by the gradual encroachment of the factory district the Ward and its woes will at last disappear. The so-far-insuperable financial and other difficulties of dealing with this plague spot it is unnecessary to recapitulate, but it seems incredible that we have not at least taken the lesson to heart and made it impossible for these evils to be duplicated in the shacktowns which have sprung up like mushrooms during the past three or four years on the outskirts of the city.

From Swansea and Mimico, north and west of Toronto Junction, along St. Clair avenue, and east of the Don, there is to-day about the city proper a girdle of ill-built houses crowded together in lots from fifteen to twenty feet wide, lean-tos, tar paper packing boxes, frame, brick, cement, lath and plaster all in a hopeless jumble; no playgrounds; no parks, and in some cases mean and narrow streets, surveyed with the sole purpose of providing the greatest possible saleable frontage. And our situation would be ridiculous were it not so serious, for we have for years declined to enlarge the city limits and, ostrich-like, refused to see the conditions which have rapidly developed on our borders. We have drawn an imaginary line around the city, and to that line citizens' houses have been built under restrictions that ensured a certain standard of structure, first-class plumbing, water and sewage connection. These citizens have also been looked after in the matter of schools, parks, street railway facilities, fire pro-

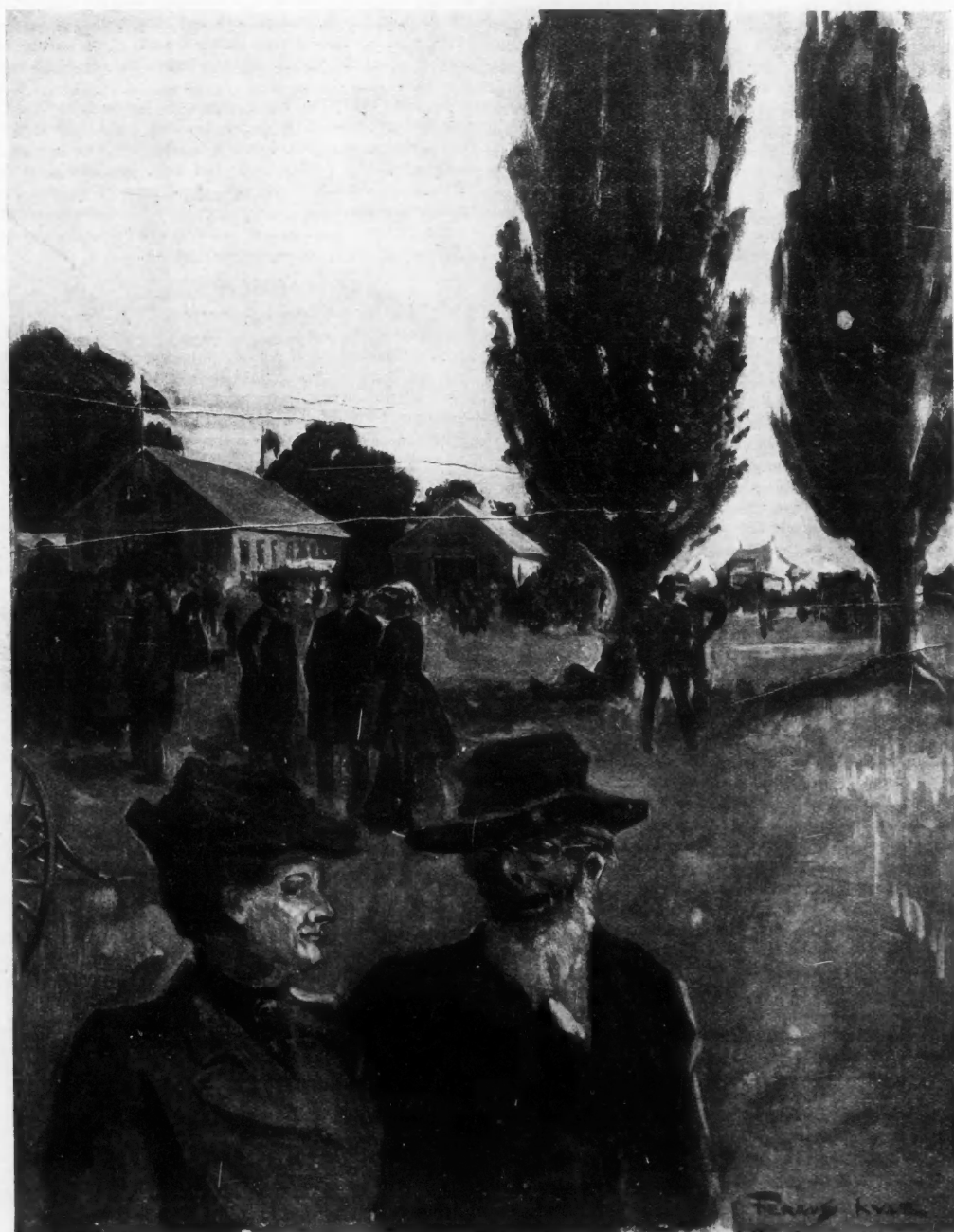
tection and what not? Immediately across the street, on the other side of the line, the outlander has been allowed to build his shack as he pleased and has been forced by the absence of facilities to have his well and his privy pit jammed close together on the back of his shallow and narrow lot. So his neighbor and his neighbor's neighbor. They live on the other side of the line, and the city owes them no protection and renders them no assistance, and thus, year after year, around the city Shacktown has reared its ungainly structure and daily increased its facilities for the nurture of the typhoid, the scarlet fever and the diphtheria bacilli, and the other gentlemen of bugdom who play such a large part in our present-day civilization, and who, when they have overrun their birthplace, will have no prejudice against colonizing on the inside of the city limits.

There is danger to the city in the present situation, but the question should be solved on the higher plane of the duty which the city owes to the Shacktown. He earns his livelihood within our limits. His brain and sweat are

speculative rises the city can hardly be asked to assist them further.

Is it not about time that Toronto recognized the fact that the city is growing, has grown, will grow; that her population is increasing and will in all human probability greatly increase in the next dozen years, and still more in the next score of years? Why not accept this as a fact and plan accordingly? Nobody doubts the fact. Yet nobody in authority is planning accordingly. So far the city, like Topsy, has "just grown." We know, for instance, that the city must extend its boundaries within ten years—why not extend them while these additional areas can be controlled in their occupation and made creditable to the city. Even if shacks be built, let Shacktown be a twentieth century Shacktown.

What Toronto needs at the present time is some comprehensive plan, some definite purpose towards which to work, in shaping this city for its future activities as a centre of population. Successive mayors, controllers and aldermen get up and say their little pieces, urge their little



THE FALL FAIR

"I says to Marthy 'It don't seem right fer that quilt to git the prize time and again this way,' but she says 'Well then! let 'em git up one that's bet'er—but I'll keep on takin' first prize till they do, an' says she, 'they'll hev' t' git up early and work fur into the night t' beat it.'"

necessary for the upbuilding of the city. His ills and his disadvantages affect us as a whole, and we owe him the same decent surroundings which we have endeavored to provide for ourselves. He is the maker of the city of the future. He has in him the admirable desire to be the owner of his own home. Just now the city is proposing to embrace within its limits those areas of Shacktown which have become most overcrowded and unsanitary; or, in other words, to joyously add several new and promising St. John's Wards with which we will have to struggle in the future. These places, having grown up without the safeguards of modern civilization, are now regarded as ripe for annexation. Would it not have been better had these areas been included in the city limits while comparatively unoccupied, so that streets could have been properly laid out, open spaces planned for, and sanitary arrangements provided in advance of occupation? Even now it is not proposed to take in any of the virgin areas which surround the city. These are to remain outside until necessity compels their annexation.

THE city's policy has not, however, been altogether one of blind indifference. There is reason to suppose that the crass selfishness of the surviving land holders of the boom of 1890 has influenced the City Hall and its policies against the admission of any additional areas which might come into competition with lots held by these speculators. As there is probably only one of these men for every thousand citizens, it is certain that this influence has exerted an unfair weight. In any event, these frost-bitten land dealers have had five splendid real estate years in which to thaw out, and if they still desire to hold for

proposals, fail and disappear. The city treasury fills and empties annually to no enduring purpose. We should avail ourselves of the experience of other cities. A capable commission might very well be appointed to collect information as to how a rapidly growing city can best serve its interests.

Perhaps it would not be out of place to suggest that if the University of Toronto is prepared to make good its profession of a desire to get close to the public it might institute a chair of Sociology, appoint a capable man and give him the necessary opportunities of study and research so that he may advise and plan for the great future, not only of Toronto, but of all the cities of a Dominion that will one day contain an immense population. The government that gets closest to the people is that of the municipality. Its problems have to do with the health, life and daily comforts of every citizen.

AN expedition is now travelling from Regina to Sandy Lake in the far north of Saskatchewan to hold a formal trial over an Indian, chief of a small tribe, who admits that he slew his daughter with his own hands, but claims that she was possessed of an evil spirit and had to die in order that calamity should not destroy the whole tribe. Commissioner Perry of the Mounted Police has been specially authorized to preside at the trial. Constable O'Neill will act as clerk of the court, Sergeant Smith will serve as sheriff, while Inspector Routledge will represent the Minister of Justice. The expense and trouble entailed by this expedition will be considerable, but it is by means such as this that there has spread to the remotest parts of Canada a respect for law and order. Even the small and

scattered Indian tribes know that there is none among them so obscure that he can be slain by white man or red without sooner or later an accounting being demanded. It has become a point of pride with the Mounted Police to prosecute these cases with the utmost diligence.

No doubt, following wise policy, the trial of this Indian will be conducted in a manner that will impress his tribe with a respect for white man's law, and convince the natives that in the view of the white man no person can be so possessed of devils as to require to be strangled. It is necessary to enforce these lessons on the superstitious red men of the north. And yet who can fail to sympathize with the blind terror of these benighted people, or with the agony of the father when prompted by his religion to end the life of his afflicted daughter? What a host of crimes have been done in the name of religion! On the last day what a myriad, what a milky way of unfortunates will line up before the throne and in excuse of cruel murder plead the 22nd chapter of Genesis, in which is set forth the story of how Abraham went up into the mountain prepared to sacrifice to the Lord his son Isaac. As the world ages wisdom grows and horrors decrease—intentional horrors decrease, if accidental ones do not—and it is well to know that while religious mania may yet attack the individual, the day is pretty well gone when it may possess a race, a nation, or a church.

IF Canada is not to have a period of hard times the credit will not belong to the Canadian banks which shut down on all credits with a sudden bang, and hunted cover as precipitately as Iowa farmers make for their storm cellars when they see a cyclone coming over the hill.

The credit will not belong to the wholesalers who shortened credits with one quick jerk of the reins and sent dismal literature explaining their action into every nook and corner of the Dominion.

The credit will not to any large extent belong to the newspapers which have interviewed at much length every prophet of evil who wanted to see his name in print, coupled with an estimate of how much below normal is the value of the agricultural crop this year.

If we escape a severe attack of hard times the credit will not belong to any of the agencies that usually claim credit for so much. The credit will belong to the country, which has the constitution of a horse, and the optimism of a thoroughbred colt which expects to win races but never dreams of being harnessed to heavy draught work. If our prosperity can stand the needless knocks it has been getting this year, it can stand anything.

WHEN Sir Thomas Shaughnessy told the shareholders of the C.P.R. that one-twelfth of the people of Canada depended upon that company for their living, he made an unhappy choice of words. The company is a great one, and it may be true—although I very much doubt the accuracy of the figures—that one-twelfth of the population derive their income from it. Even were the figures correct it would not be wise for Sir Thomas to brood on them. False reasoning along that line has done a heap of mischief in the world, and the much safer modern idea is that the employee does not depend on his employer for his living any more than the employer depends on the employee for his. Each is necessary to the other. But no doubt Sir Thomas merely desired to explain in a striking phrase the great growth of the company.

SIR WILFRID LAURIER and Mr. R. L. Borden have both done a little side-stepping in regard to the Japanese treaty, by which citizens of that country are entitled to settle at will in Canada. Mr. Borden puts the blame for the treaty on the Government, yet he made no protest against it. Sir Wilfrid refers to the treaty as an Imperial one, which it was, yet his Government ratified it and gave it effect so far as Canada is concerned.

"We have suffered on the Atlantic; we have suffered on the Pacific; we have suffered on the Great Lakes; we have suffered," said Sir Wilfrid, "wherever there has been a question discussed between British diplomats and foreign diplomats, and we have come at last to the opinion on this point that in our relations with foreign countries, it would be better to attend to our business ourselves."

This particular piece of business, however, was not, for some reason, well attended to by ourselves—not well attended to by the Government, not well criticized by the Opposition. If we are dissatisfied, there is no Alverstone to bear the blame, and no doubt this will for some time prove a great inconvenience when treaties leak or arbitrations split with a slant and give us the small half.

What we really need is not the right to make, but to negotiate, treaties. If we are all British subjects there is no reason why all negotiations should be conducted by citizens dwelling within a certain geographical distance from the Thames.

THOSE who have frequently travelled over a stretch of railway in old Ontario—say between Toronto and Stratford—during the past quarter of a century will have observed a steady diminution in the volume of water flowing in streams crossed by the line of rail. Where a few hundred years ago great rivers ran, small and ever dwindling streams dribble along shallow beds. In twenty-five years the change has been marked, and those who advocate the preservation of our forests tell us that the decrease in moisture, of which we have visible evidence, must in time work this fine country serious injury unless steps be taken to arrest the process.

Before a natural history society in New Brunswick Dr. Philip Cox recently read a paper that is both curious and interesting. He spoke of the great forests that once graced that province, and the way they had been cleaned up, with the consequence that, instead of the forest bed retaining moisture the year round and paying it out gradually to the streams and valleys, it now rushes hastily off in the spring and reaches the ocean. Such forests as remain are parched and dry, and easily fall a prey to fires. How to restore former conditions, even in part, was a question considered by Dr. Cox; or, as he expressed it, how to arrest and hold even the diminished water supply of the present where it will do most good. It is a subject of the first importance to all the older provinces

of Canada, for our grandfathers slew trees with a wastefulness that our grandchildren will have cause to regret, unless we do something to repair the damage. "Does the careful study of primitive conditions," asks Dr. Cox, "reveal the presence and operation of any special means to the end," of holding natural moisture where it will do the most good. "Explore," he says, "the valley of some brook and note the little meadows that occur one after another, sometimes six or seven in half a mile. At the lower margin of each a dam of earth and decayed sticks may be made out, extending from one side of the little valley to the other, here and there worn away, but the course and outline can still be made out. These meadows, each only a few acres in extent, were once catch-basins or beaver ponds, whose builders and tenants have long since been destroyed, but evidence of their busy and useful lives and labors survives. In primeval times and in the palmiest days of forest magnificence every brook and stream was dotted with ponds, which caught and retained a bountiful supply of water right in the heart of the wilderness, where its salutary presence was of the greatest value. . . . who can calculate the volume of water that was thus stored in the heart of the forest; and its beneficial effect on the soil, vegetation and climate!" There is no record, he tells us, of the number of beaver killed annually under the French regime, but it is a matter of record that one firm alone of St. John exported 60,000 skins or upwards annually for some years after 1783. In the days of great forests the beaver must have been present in vast numbers. Dr. Cox believes the beaver should be encouraged, restored. The damage he will do and the inconvenience he will cause will be slight compared with the good he will accomplish, in nursing water where water belongs, in building up forests and in freshening summer streams so that fish will come inland from the sea.

The beaver is being strictly protected in Algonquin Park by the Ontario Government, and his work observed. In a few years it should be possible to know whether this peculiar animal can help us out with our problem.

THOSE who rule the city, the province and the Dominion will find it worth while to read some of the arguments occasioned in the British press by the fact that Mr. Haldane recently placed in the United States a large order for horseshoes for use in the British army. His action was condemned in some of the papers on the ground that he should have encouraged home industry, not only because public money should be expended with the people who furnish it, but for the additional reason that it is advisable to encourage those home industries that furnish war supplies, so that they will be available in emergency. Other journals defend Mr. Haldane. They argue that a home industry should be required to produce such supplies as horseshoes as cheaply as they can be produced abroad—that the country needs to avail itself of the maximum of human ingenuity in the manufacture of all articles used, whether by the Government or the public. "We want," as the Spectator puts it, "to encourage enterprise in our manufacturers, not to discourage it, as we do when we say, 'However much you drop behind economically in the matter of production we will go on buying your produce.'"

There are two sides to the question. Toronto has found out more than once that when local contractors succeed in having the rule adopted that outsiders are to get the cold shoulder, those on the inside help themselves rather too liberally.

Some strange stories come to us now and then, showing that individual manufacturers foremost in demanding the entire home market to sell their products in, are not content to buy in the home market, but purchase where they can get the best goods at the cheapest price. Some glaring inconsistencies are attributed to citizens of Toronto who demand a tariff a mile high around the home market. As producers, they want this; as consumers they dive for any hole they can find in the wall, and buy foreign goods or bring in foreign experts—often at no saving in money. Indeed, at times it would look as if some of these men were quite of the opinion of the London Spectator when it comes to spending their own money.

The Englishman in Canada.

HAMILTON, OCT. 8, 1907.

Editor Saturday Night: In the "interest of truth," you are probably being bored almost to death by correspondents who "know" why, or why not, Englishmen, or some Englishmen, are not well liked in Canada. In contributing one or two thoughts on the subject as data for some of your future editorials I hope you will not class me among the "cocksure ones."

1st. Why does the Canadian farmer not like Englishmen? Because for many years he has victimized the young English farm student unmercifully, and was punished by being exposed to the world as a very mean specimen of humanity.

2nd. As a rule the great majority of the young Englishmen who paid handsome sums to learn farming were members of the Church of England, and, consequently were not zealous worshippers at the Methodist or Presbyterian churches. There is such a thing as religious denominational sympathy.

3rd. As a rule the young Englishman was certainly a much better educated man than the farmer, who, apart from his knowledge of farming, knew very little else. A sense of inferiority would, at times, oppress the farmer, and breed dislike of his erstwhile mentor. As a result, in many well-known instances, the "young Englishman" was subjected to many insults, discomforts and ill-treatment. Very many instances of this kind could be cited, but I will only say now that if the "young Englishman" gets after the Canadian farmer I would not want to be the Canadian farmer.

4th. The Englishman is more reserved and less obstreperous than the Scotchman or the north of Ireland man, and is certainly much less assertive than either; but his superlative position of dominant partner in national affairs—if not boss—for so many centuries, has evolved that fearless and outspoken personality which characterizes the English. Had the Englishman been a weak member of the national firm, or been conquered by one or both of the others, deference, dissimulation, cunning and flattery and sycophancy would have entered into his make-up. As it is, however, he is void of these traits of character.

5th. Then, again, the Englishman is looked on by many Canadians as a money lender, the feigned good-will and respect shown by borrowers toward a money lender is very evanescent and ephemeral. It is a very common thing to hear Canadians deplore the fact of the remittance of dividends to Englishmen on a small portion of the \$1,000,000,000 loaned by the Englishmen to Canadians. I do not for a moment insinuate that Canadians will repudiate this vast obligation, but unless they

experience a change of heart I would not be surprised if some subterfuge were invented to enable them to keep the earnings accruing from its use. An increase of salaries and wages all round would leave little dividend for the English stockholder or even bondholder. Envy and jealousy, then, may have something to do with the Englishman not being well liked in Canada and other countries. Never was I more impressed with the greatness of England and Englishmen than during my recent visit to London, and I cannot but think that the suggestion to take over a shipload of Canadian newspaper men to England would result in an incalculable amount of good to both countries.

Statesmen, politicians, promoters, presidents of industrial concerns, bank managers, railway managers, stockbrokers, mine owners and others from all parts of the world, all after the Englishman's gold, through the clubs, hotels and money institutions in all parts of London and other cities. The Englishman has the money. By his business astuteness, enterprise, adventure and integrity he got possession of it. Had he been a born fool he would have been a borrower and a slave. Do not, then, think him a fool if he sometimes parts with his money to colonials a little too freely and carelessly. He is just, out of his good big-heartedness, doing something to help the young folk along. Yours truly,

JAMES BAUGH, M.D.

The Might of Manners.

Bliss Carman in The Smart Set.

THAT "Manners make the man" is a goodly old saying with something truer than mere commonplace observation in its sound philosophy. Neither Chesterfield himself, that paragon of deportment, nor Barney McGee, who had

"Chesterfield's way with a touch of the Bowery," can be imagined without the potent manners that were natural and characteristic of them. For good manners cannot be donned nor laid aside like a coat. Whether elegant or simple, they are the expressive and appropriate garment of personality, and it is one of the tests for them that they are habitual and can never be misjudged as being assumed or affected. The least touch of affectation or insincerity is fatal to their value. To have bad manners or no manners is to announce oneself a boor; but to use false manners is to betray one's ineptitude.

When they are real and actually reveal the inner personality how mighty manners are! So potent are they, indeed, that we are often carried beyond our ultimate best judgment by the instant enthusiasm and responsive impulse they evoke in us, and by the way they exercise over our will, and we very readily give them an even higher valuation than is their due. The might of manners is as great as the majesty of mind or the supremacy of soul. One must be stolid indeed not to be sensitive to their potent influence and unconsciously swayed by them.

There is no denying the pleasure of excellent manners, their ease, their advantage, their helpful charm and grace, and the distinction they confer. But a headlong and headstrong age, devoted to achievement for mere achievement's sake, is apt to consider them superfluous after all—a mark of lightness and artificiality, if not of effeminacy. Our home-made virtues are prone to arrogance and an overweening self-reliance, and are too ready to discount the veritable though subtle power which manners possess. Truculent merit, assured of its own unassailable honesty, and re-enforced perhaps by an abundance of physical vigor, scorns to employ any suavity of demeanor, any graciousness or tact in presenting itself, for fear of seeming to concede an atom of its own integrity.

THE newspaper men out West have found the work of interviewing Rudyard Kipling very pleasant, and he has talked interestingly for them. Asked if he observed much change in the country since his last visit fifteen years ago he answered, "Just a little," in a way that meant he noticed a great change. In reply to a query as to whether he thought of writing, any Canadian stories, he expressed the opinion that our literature must come from ourselves. Mr. Kipling is as ever a strong imperialist. He thinks the consolidation of the Empire is assured, but that it will be the result of necessity rather than of propaganda. He still distrusts the Boers, and says that the handing of the Government of the Transvaal back to them five years after the conclusion of the war constitutes "the greatest risk in history."

MANY United States newspapers continue to deprecate the sending of the American fleet to the Pacific—a "mad adventure," a "blazing indiscretion" they call it. The New York Sun has its own way of characterizing this cruise as a piece of folly. "Suppose," remarks The Sun, "that soon after the New Orleans riots, when relations between the United States and Italy were strained, the American fleet had been sent on a practice cruise to the Mediterranean. Suppose that soon after the Venezuela message Mr. Cleveland had ordered the whole American fighting naval strength to take a practice cruise off Nova Scotia or Jamaica."

IN the by-election in Brockville, caused by the retirement of Hon. George P. Graham from the Legislature to become Minister of Railways and Canals in the Dominion Cabinet, the Conservative candidate, Mr. Donovan, was elected by nearly four hundred majority.

THE British Columbia Government has no interest to serve (says the Vancouver Province) in throwing open the door to the Japanese invasion, and that is too patent not to be popularly recognized. Its existence depends upon doing the will of the people of this province, and the people demand, unequivocally, the restriction of that immigration, if not its entire exclusion. It would be suicidal for the Government to take any other stand than what it has.

CONSUL-GENERAL NOSSE has presented at Ottawa Japan's claim for damages to her subjects in the recent Vancouver riot. The bill amounts to between five and six thousand dollars. The Chinese will ask a larger sum. Yet the damage done was a great deal less than at first reported.

AT Vancouver the newly formed Liberal Association of British Columbia has passed resolutions in favor of the exclusion of Orientals and the abrogation of any treaty that interferes with this policy. Both political parties in the province are thus on the same platform as regards this question.

CONTRARY to general supposition, Raisuli, the Moroccan bandit, is a well-educated gentleman, tracing his ancestry through Mulai Idris, who founded the empire of Morocco, to the prophet.

Stories of a Famous Judge.

LORD BRAMPTON, more familiarly known as Mr. Justice Hawkins, the great English lawyer and judge, has just celebrated his ninetieth birthday.

Innumerable good stories are told about Lord Brampton and the criminals to whom he was a terror. One of the best relates to an incident which happened in a crowded race train. Three or four of the "boys" got into the carriage in which the judge was sitting and attempted to hustle him. Confident that he would be known and feared by them, the judge removed his hat, and looking his sternest, said: "Don't you know who I am?" The worst of the offenders looked at his square jaw and close-cropped head and shrank into a corner with an exclamation. "Selp me Bob—a blooming prize-fighter!"

While on the Bench his constant companion was a terrier, "Jack," whose tether was a long blue ribbon attached to the judge's wrist, and many a junior beguiled a weary moment watching the unrolling of the ribbon as the dog pursued his investigations, followed by the spectacle of the judge "hauling in the slack." Once "Jack" expressed his opinion of a case by a loud bark. "Turn that dog out of the gallery," said the judge with great promptitude, at the same time administering an admonitory pat to the animal under his desk.

To a sheriff's chaplain who he'd that dogs could not go to heaven, he remarked: "They are more faithful, more affectionate, and more intelligent than any Christian I have ever met."

"But, my lord," said the chaplain, "the drawback is they cannot understand when one speaks to them." "Indeed, Mr. Chaplain," the judge replied. "Don't you think they may think it a great drawback that you will not understand them when they speak?"

When a bomb was exploded on the doorstep of the house of Mr. Reginald Brett in Tilney street in 1894 it was always imagined that it was intended for the judge. But his imperturbable humor did not desert him. With a twinkle in his eye he said to his friend: "It's no use, my dear Brett, they're attempting to intimidate me by blowing up you."

At the Old Bailey a policeman, giving evidence against a prisoner before Sir Henry Hawkins, was asked what the arrested man said when charged. The constable whipped out a pocket-book and read without a smile: "Prisoner said when charged, 'God grant I be not tried before 'Awkins, or he will bring down my hairs in sorrow to the grave.'" Even the judge laughed.

Afraid to Play.

POSSIBLY this anecdote, current in at least one section of the country, is current in all sections: that of the old chap who loved to take his ease, and who despised being driven. Said he earnestly: "Now, lookee here—I'll tell you something: You can work steady all the year through, and I'll knock off to go fishin'; and at the end of the year there'll not be a difference of more'n five cents between us—and I'll have the five cents!"

To the grindin', steady worker such philosophy is not only heretical, but exasperating. It must be misleading. Of course it is misleading. Yet—does it not explain, perhaps, why Jones, whose means are the same as ours, takes now and then a day off and seems to live just as comfortably?

Many a worker is afraid to play. He is afraid to break his routine lest the lapse shall be counted up against him as a misdemeanor. Dollars and cents represent to him his progress—and it cannot be gainsaid that in certain cases this is the training of necessity. However, when he takes the bull by the horns and boldly asserts, on occasion, his independence, he will find, to his astonishment, that work is not, after all, so rigorous a book-keeper.

Would we, who spent twenty dollars last year on a trip, to-day be twenty-dollars richer had we not gone? No, probably our bank account would not show a penny different. If, six months ago, we had not attended the theatre, would we now be two dollars ahead? Would we have fifty-two dollars instead of fifty? No, sir, and no, ma'am!

This matter of recreation is really a habit to be acquired. Work, unremitting, is a fetish; and, once we have broken away, we recognize then that its claims are hypnotic, and that "things are not what they seem."

Play is not necessarily a crime, of which strict account is kept by an overseer, and for which strict account is to be rendered. In fact, the man (and the woman) who dares to play is apt to be rewarded, in the long run, by not only having the play, but also the nickel.—Lippincott's.

OWING to the great improvements in antiseptic surgery, only six patients die of every hundred that have a limb amputated.

THE beauty of all the courts of Europe of forty years ago is to be eighty-one years old this year. The Empress Eugenie was locked upon rather as an intruder in royal circles in the days of her imperial greatness; but after her downfall she became a guest of the very particular Victoria, and her Scotch servants now address her as "Your Majesty." Napoleon III. bought Farnborough Hill, a fine house, and 275 acres of land from the publisher Longmans; and now it is a great estate in which Eugenie lives in splendid, if mournful, isolation, surrounded by an atmosphere of deep ecclesiasticism. Eugenie has built a large iron room in which Napoleon's relics are to be gathered and kept, especially those of the prince imperial which suggest his death in Africa. The abbey on the estate is the burial place of the emperor and the prince imperial, and there is a side chapel for the tomb of the empress.



SILVER IS MOST APPROPRIATE

as a gift for any occasion and one can scarcely receive too much silverware if it be artistic in design and appropriate in style and of the newest shape.

A visit to our store will gratify you, and you will be assured that our stock is far superior to all others.

RICE LEWIS & SON, Limited
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Wm. Pitt & Co.

11 and 13 King Street East

AUTUMN AND WINTER SEASON

Opening of Paris Millinery on September the Ninth

Only the latest novelties in Dress Materials for Afternoon, Dinner and Evening Gowns. Our Ladies' Tailoring Department is in charge of an experienced Tailor.

Trousseaux, Morning Orders, Gloves, Corsets.

HOME COMING

generally reveals a surprising amount of shabbiness in the house that was unsuspected before. Still more surprising will be the transformation of the shabby room when it has passed through our hands. We have many schemes of decoration to suggest, and many beautiful designs in wallpapers and fabrics to show.

ELLIOTT & SON, Limited
79 King Street West, Toronto

ASHBY & JACKSON

WE invite our patrons to inspect our Paris and New York importations in afternoon carriage and tailored hats.

113½ WEST KING ST.
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A Wedding, Reception or Cotillion

- Catering in most Up-to-date Ideas -

GEO. S. McCONKEY
27-29-31 King West



A Place You May be Proud of

to take a friend for dinner. You will find the service excellent.

After the theatre you will find the ST. CHARLES the popular retreat for dinner.
Table d'Hôte daily, from 6 p.m. to 8.30 p.m.
(Sunday included)

Chrysanthemums

in all their glory will be found in profusion at

Dunlop's

Send for our illustrations of Wedding Bouquets, 96 Yonge Street, Toronto. Night and Sunday Phone, Park 792.

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Reports on Securities
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LIMITED
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ASSETS
\$8,424,011

CAPITAL (nominal) \$2,500,000
CAPITAL (paid up) \$1,500,000
RESERVE FUND \$1,050,000

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Dressing Bags

All our bags have detachable stands for the toilet articles, and only the very best fittings are used.

Prices: \$15.00 to \$75.00...

Catalogue free. Express paid in Ontario.

The Julian Sale
Leather Goods Co. Limited
105 KING ST. WEST

\$10.00 NEW YORK AND RETURN

From Suspension Bridge, via Lehigh Valley Railroad, Thursday, October 17th. Tickets good 15 days. For tickets and particulars call L. V. R. office, 54 King street east.

THE INVESTOR

TORONTO

MONTREAL



THE LATE COL. HENSHAW
Montreal.

MONTREAL, OCT. 10.
WHEN Frederick C. Henshaw passed into the great beyond the other day Canada lost a good citizen and Montreal one of her foremost business men. As president, vice-president or director of a dozen or more large enterprises, and as a leading figure in the athletic and social world, the Colonel—a title won as commanding officer of the Victoria Rifles—occupied a niche which many might have envied had not the man fitted that niche so well. Dignified, and at the same time jovial; a man who thought the best of everyone; clear headed and cool in a crisis, not knowing what the word fear meant, Lieut.-Col. Henshaw had a personality that one will not soon forget. Great personal courage was his peculiar characteristic, and where danger was there you could pretty well count on finding that Colonel, and tales of his doings in such times have been current gossip in Montreal for many years.

A man who travelled a great deal, it always appeared the Colonel's luck to run into exciting adventures. When the steamship Oregon went down off New York a good many years ago Col. Henshaw was a passenger. When the crisis came he was found with the officers, mustering the crew and the passengers, preventing a rush for the boats, and doing all that a brave, cool man could. He stayed on board the Oregon until she was well nigh under water, and left with the captain in the last boat just as the vessel plunged bow down into the depths. This was by no means the last of the Colonel's ventures on the water. When the Richelieu and Ontario Navigation Company's steamer Canada came in collision with the Dominion Coal Company's collier off Sorel some four years ago, the Colonel was on board the former vessel, and it was a fortunate occurrence for both passengers and crew of the Canada that he was. In the investigation which followed it was shown that the officers and crew of the Canada behaved unworthily, and it was mainly due to Col. Henshaw, and by the exercise of his authority as a director of the company, and by his personal courage, that no more casualties took place. He literally licked the sinking, panic stricken crew into shape, hustled the passengers into safety, and averted what might, and probably would, have been one of the worst disasters in the history of Canadian waters. During the street railway strikes in Montreal, Col. Henshaw was a conspicuous figure. If the strikers threatened a moving car; if there was a chance that missiles would be thrown, there you would find the Colonel as cool as on parade. And then, best of all, he never referred to such a matter; but laughed it off, and made light of the incident and stepped into the background again. The man was a type that is seldom met with in these prosaic, matter-of-fact days, and the world is the worse for his passing.

As usual the annual meeting of the Canadian Pacific Railway was a quiet, colorless affair. Aside from presiding, Sir William Van Horne had nothing to say, while Sir Thomas Shaughnessy's remarks had been carefully prepared beforehand and were typewritten, the press being provided with the necessary copies. Aside from the moving and seconding of various resolutions, not a stockholder, of which there was only a baker's dozen present, opened a mouth, and the entire business did not occupy over a half hour. When business is good and dividends are forthcoming these annual meetings lack incident, but in bad times the story is different. In the old days, when matters in C.P.R. were not as rosy as they are now, the annual sessions were worth reporting. Men like Donald Macmaster, K.C., who, by the way, was present at the meeting the other day, would rise and give vent to a few sarcastic remarks about the stockholders wanting to see the color of their money.

Speaking of C.P.R. reminds one of the bitter war which is now on between the western dailies and the C.P.R. Telegraph Company, a war which, if signs read right, is on its way east at the present minute. It appears that the company, for reasons best known to themselves, have raised the tolls on press matter in some instances upward of three hundred per cent., making it practically impossible for the Winnipeg dailies, for instance, to obtain eastern news at a figure which is not outrageously high. Scathing articles on the subject have appeared in such papers as the Winnipeg Free Press, to which the C.P.R. officials will make no answer or no defence, though such men as David McNicoll and James Kent have both been approached. This lack of telegraphic communication between Eastern and Western Canada is without doubt working a great injury to the country, for the less Canadian news presented to the public of that section the more United States news is carted in to take its place. This will mean in the long run more interest in the affairs of the United States than in the doings of the Dominion. On numerous occasions members of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association and of the Montreal Board of Trade have complained of the lack of Eastern Canadian news in the Western dailies of the Dominion; taking the ground that the people of the West are even now more interested in news from Washington than they are in that of centres like Toronto, Montreal and Ottawa, and that in the long run this condition would work great injury to Canadian industries, particularly to manufacturing, and would eventually wean away the Western people to a point of indifference in matters Canadian and British. While this may be an extreme view, there are any number of Canadians in Montreal who believe it to be true. However, the fact remains that the Western Canadian papers, from Winnipeg through to the Pacific, have been obliged through the hoggish attitude of the Canadian Pacific telegraphs, to forego the luxury of special correspondents in all the large Eastern Canadian centres, getting in place of fresh, independent reports on matters of interest, a small stereotyped news service of questionable utility. It strikes one that the question from a broad Canadian standpoint is worthy of the attention of the public men at Ottawa. The Railway Commission have done some pretty effective service in regulating

traffic: why not have them try their hands at telegraphic tolls as well?

That a bank is always in danger of a "run" was exemplified in A Run Montreal within the past on a Bank. few days. Some woman, whom the foolkiller missed in his last rounds, inaugurated a rush on a prominent French-Canadian bank a few days ago, the effects of which are still being felt. As it happened this bank, which is of unquestioned soundness, has a branch in the east end of the city, the deposits here being made up mainly of savings accounts of factory workers. This woman, casting about probably for something to talk about, remarked that she considered this bank unsafe, and she was going to withdraw her funds, which she did to the extent of a few hundred dollars. This started the neighbors talking, and they concluded that they would take no chances, but would withdraw also. Before the bank officials could turn around they had a run on their hands. People climbed all over each other in their haste to get funds out where the first thief could gather the precious dollars in; and the bank officials in turn made haste to obtain an extra supply of good yellow gold from some of their neighbors in the banking business in order to stem the tide. Fortunately the accounts were small, though many, and the bank has suffered no serious inconvenience.

TORONTO, OCT. 10.

THE outlook for the money markets generally is better at this time than a year ago. The improvement in the situation has been brought about by the heavy liquidation and curtailment of credits which have been in progress for the past six months. Speculators, and a large number of merchants and manufacturers have, of course, suffered through the drastic measures forced upon them by the inadequate supply of capital; but the destruction has been less severe than it would have been had bankers not come to their senses when they did. Present rates for money do not vary much as compared with those of a year ago, but conditions have changed considerably. The liquidation of speculative accounts has been productive of a saner policy, and legitimate trade interests have been benefited. While there is not much less optimism in the business world, a good deal more caution is being displayed. The tendency is to restrict business, and this of itself is indicative of easier money conditions. Call money in Toronto is firmer this week at 7 per cent., and very little to be had even at that rate. But some brokers had previously arranged for money at 6½ per cent., and considerable amounts are running at the latter rate. A year ago the common rate was 6, although before the end of the year, the general rate was 6½ per cent. The banks are now engaged in financing the crop movement, and owing to the unusually high prices of grain, the currency requirements for this purpose will be fully as large as in the autumn of last year, although the crops are much smaller. Wheat is being taken freely for export, and bankers are facilitating the shipments in every way possible. Current prices of Ontario wheat are 30c. per bushel more than a year ago, and Manitoba wheat is fully 35c. per bushel in excess of the prices at this date last year. In spite of this great difference in prices, the export movement is active.

While an easier money market may naturally be expected after the bulk of the grain has been moved to the seaports, it does not follow that it will be an incentive to speculation and higher prices for securities. The liquidation in loans will probably be extended for some time to come, and will be influenced in a great measure by the declining prices for raw materials used in manufacturing. Evidence is daily increasing of such a trend in values, and no restoration of confidence can be anticipated as long as this readjustment in prices is going on. Whilst this is in progress, however, the supply of available money will increase, and easier rates are likely to prevail.

America has floated an unusual amount of securities in Britain this year, and Canada has exploited that field with considerable success. Our borrowings there have been tripled the past quarter of a century, and in the great majority of cases the investments have been good ones. The aggregate par value of Canadian securities listed on the London Stock Exchange amounts to \$1,181,000,000. This comprises \$230,000,000 Government debentures of the Dominion and the provinces, \$38,000,000 municipal debentures, \$867,000,000 steam railway shares and bonds, and \$46,000,000 principally street railway, light and power, and land companies' shares and bonds. This does not mean that British investors hold the entire amount of Canadian securities listed on the London Exchange. It means that they hold a substantial interest in the Canadian railway and other enterprises represented there, and presumably all but an almost negligible quantity of the listed government and municipal debentures. It is estimated that the annual interest paid Great Britain on these securities held there amount to between \$40,000,000 and \$50,000,000. This is paid for chiefly in Canadian produce, and it can easily be seen how essential it is that this country should develop her great agricultural resources.

General Manager Nicholls of the Canadian General Electric Co., returned from London early in the week. In an interview he spoke enthusiastically of the floating there of the \$2,000,000 seven per cent. preferred stock of the company. The issue was not taken by a few capitalists, said the manager, but was split up among over six hundred applicants. Mr. Nicholls said that when the error in wording of the by-law was discovered the underwriters were given an opportunity to cancel their subscriptions but five days after the offer of cancellation only \$5 out of a \$3,000,000 subscription was withdrawn. It is said that the subscription price was 100. The price of the common stock has not been influenced for the better by Mr. Nicholls' statements, but this may be due to the fact that stocks generally are under a cloud. In spite of the fact

BANK HAMILTON

A place of safety and security for the accumulations of all who work and save.

Deposits of any amount accepted and interest paid 4 times a year at highest current rate.

Branches in the City of Toronto:

Cor. Queen and Spadina, Cor. College and Ossington,
34 Yonge St., Cor. Yonge and Gould, Toronto Junction.

THE BANK OF OTTAWA

credits interest on Savings Accounts

QUARTERLY.

OFFICES IN TORONTO:

37 King St. East and corner of Broadview and Gerrard

The Crown Bank of Canada

DIVIDEND NO. 7

NOTICE is hereby given that a quarterly dividend of one per cent. has been declared upon the paid-up capital stock of this bank, and that the same will be payable at the head office and branches on and after Tuesday, the 1st of October, 1907.

The transfer books will be closed from the 16th to the 30th September, both days inclusive. By order of the board.

G. DE C. O'GRADY,

General Manager.

Toronto, 27th August, 1907.

**MONEY
ORDERS**

**DOMINION
EXPRESS
CO.**

**FOREIGN
DRAFTS**

TRAVELERS' CHEQUES

**DOMINION
EXPRESS
CO.**

Payable by
Agents and Correspond-
ents in All Parts of the World

**DOMINION
EXPRESS
CO.**

SAFE—CONVENIENT—ECONOMICAL

Issued by Agents
Throughout Canada

**DOMINION
EXPRESS
CO.**

Numerous Branch
Agencies in Drug
Stores, etc., in business
and residential districts,
open early and late.

General Offices, Toronto

The Metropolitan Bank

Capital Paid Up \$1,000,000.00
Reserve Fund and Undivided Profits, \$1,183,713.23

Every banking facility offered to customers and depositors. Accounts of individuals, firms and corporations solicited. Best possible service guaranteed.

Savings Department. \$1.00 opens an account. Interest allowed from date of deposit and compounded FOUR times a year. No delay in withdrawal.



All goods left over from the Auction Sale of the

ORIENTAL RUGS

AND

ART GOODS

consigned to O. W. Hendry, late of the United Arts and Crafts, will be disposed of during next week, by private sale, at the present show rooms,

51 King Street West, near Bay Street

This will afford a rare opportunity for art lovers, and those who appreciate securing genuine bargains, to get high class rugs, brassware, etc., at their own price. Remember, what is left over from this week's Auction Sale will be on sale—at auction prices and less—

ALL NEXT WEEK

The lot contains, among other valuable specimens:

22 Heavy Fex Rugs, regular \$18, at \$11.50

35 Kazak Rugs, worth \$28 to \$35, at \$22.50

29 Silky Beloujistan Rugs, regular \$26, at \$16.50

40 Shirvan Rugs, regular \$20, at \$12.50

Also a great variety of large carpets, at very much reduced prices, comprising Kirmanshah, Tabriz, Gorovan, Mushjabat, Mohair, Lohore, Sultanah, etc., etc.

This will be a remarkable offer of bargains; every man and woman should attend it.

Courian, Babayan & Co.

40 King St. East, opposite King Edward Hotel

Imperial Bank of Canada

Dividend No. 69

NOTICE is hereby given that a Dividend at the rate of **eleven per cent.** (11 per cent.) per annum upon the Paid-up Capital Stock of this institution has been declared for the quarter ending 31st October, 1907, and that the same will be payable at the Head Office and Branches on and after

FRIDAY, THE 1ST OF NOVEMBER NEXT

The Transfer Books will be closed from the 19th to the 31st of October, both days inclusive.

By order of the Board.

D. R. WILKIE, General Manager

Toronto, Ont., 18th September, 1907.

AGENTS WANTED
Guardian Assurance Co.

LIMITED

Funds: Thirty Million Dollars
Apply Manager, Montreal

The wonderful "C.M.C." clasp firmly holds waist and stocking, doing away absolutely with all sewing, and with belts, pins, buttons and hooks. Simple of adjustment and comfortable to wear.

For Sale at all Dry Goods Stores

C. H. Westwood & Co.
Limited
Manufacturers, Toronto**Savings Banks**

pay 3% interest because they invest the money at a higher rate. We will do for you what the bank does for itself, and your savings will bring 5% to 6% interest. No charge for advice. All investments selected by trained bankers.

D. M. STEWART & CO.

BANKERS

151 St. James St., Montreal

Culverhouse Optical Co., Ltd.**CONSIDER**

your children's eyesight. If faulty, it is a severe handicap during school life.

Our facilities, from long experience, are the very best, and our charges are moderate.

CULVERHOUSE OPTICAL CO.
M. 4556 6 Richmond St. East**Wedding Cakes**

from Webb's are unequalled for fine quality and artistic decoration.

They are shipped by express to all parts of Canada, safe arrival guaranteed.

Illustrated Catalogue Free

The Harry Webb Co.
Limited
447 Yonge St., Toronto

that the president of the Toronto Electric Light Co. stated that the new stock had been fully taken up by shareholders, this security of late has been somewhat weak.

"As indicating how widespread is the interest in your property and the confidence in your stock that prevails with investors in Great Britain, on the continent, and elsewhere," President

C.P.R. Shaughnessy of the C.P.R. said, "I might mention that when the books closed for the October dividend there were 11,203 ordinary shareholders whose respective holdings were fifty shares or less, and from information received through banking and security organizations, whose own certificates are outstanding against stock held in trust for clients, I estimate that there are 3,000 other investors of the same class, making in all upwards of 14,000 people whose individual holdings do not exceed fifty shares. Hence it would appear that practically one-third of your entire ordinary share capital is held by these small investors."

The Molsons Bank has had a splendid year. Net profits amounted to \$571,026. This compares with \$434,668 in 1906, or an increase of \$136,358. The bank has contributed \$10,000 more to the officers' pension fund, and puts the expenditure on

bank premises at branches at \$151,232, which compares with \$115,389 a year ago. The balance to the credit on profit and loss is \$53,687, compared with \$26,987 at the end of 1906.

The Mackay Companies will have, with the opening up of the new Havana-New York cable line on October 15, a total of 25,000 miles of submarine cable operated by its two subsidiary companies, the Commercial Cable Company and the Commercial Pacific Cable Company. The new cable line, which has cost between \$1,400,000 and \$1,500,000, has been paid for entirely out of current profits.

Of the 25,000 miles of submarine cables approximately 16,000 miles are operated in the Atlantic ocean by the Commercial Cable Company and 9,000 miles in the Pacific ocean by the Commercial Pacific Company. The company figures the cost of cable construction at \$1,000 per mile, which would represent a property investment in the entire cable system fully \$25,000,000.

The Commercial Cable Company is now operating five trans-Atlantic cable lines, which are crowded to their utmost capacity. This situation makes it extremely probable that the company will undertake within another year the laying of a sixth Atlantic cable to take care of the steadily increasing pressure of business on the other five.

Social and Personal

THE marriage of Miss Dora Kincaid Rowand, daughter of Mr. John A. Rowand, of Helena, Montana, and Mr. Arthur Sampson Jameson, of London, England, son of the late Colonel Jameson, Bombay Staff Corps, will take place on Wednesday, October 16, at 2.30. The ceremony will be followed by a reception at Meadowbank, Rosedale, the home of Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Alexander, who will give the wedding breakfast to their niece, the bride. Miss Rowand and Miss Dora arrived out from England early in the week, and the friends and admirers of the handsome bride-elect are greatly interested in her approaching wedding.

Prize-givings and receptions at St. Andrew's College on Thursday, and Upper Canada on Friday, have been interesting events of this week. The wives of the principals extended the usual after hospitalities to large numbers of specially invited guests and everyone was much interested in the splendid progress of both the great colleges. A full report of both events will be given next week, as they occur too late for speedier notice.

Mr. Charles A. Ross and Mrs. C. G. Holmes very much surprised their Toronto friends by being very quietly wedded in Montreal last Wednesday week, and afterwards taking the Empress of Ireland for a short honeymoon trip to the Old Country, where Mrs. Holmes' daughters have been studying for some years. The bride and groom are returning to Toronto in November to live. The marriage took place in St. George's Church, and the rector, Rev. Paterson Smythe, D.D., officiated. Mr. W. B. Torrance gave away the bride, and Mrs. Torrance asked a few friends to her home in Sherbrooke street to a wedding breakfast, after which the bride and groom went to Quebec, whence they sailed shortly afterwards. Mrs. Torrance and Mr. R. L. Torrance also sailed on the Empress for England.

The death of Rev. William Jones, bursar of Trinity College, removed on Monday one of the landmarks of that venerable institution. Mr. Jones has for many years resided in cosy quarters at the west end of the college, and Miss Strachan, his niece, was a hostess for her uncle's friends whose grace and tact never failed. For some years the deceased gentleman has been more or less of an invalid, and took a long holiday to England to recuperate. Mr. Jones was a St. John's College, Cambridge, man, and a most scholarly representative of that very prominent seat of learning. The funeral services took place on Wednesday in Trinity College Chapel at two o'clock, and the tributes of many sincere mourners was offered to the worth of the deceased.

On Saturday evening, October 26, Mr. G. Lissant Beardmore will give his debut concert, in Conservatory Music Hall, assisted by Miss Caldwell and Mrs. Campbell. Mr. Beardmore has devoted the whole of the past summer to study, and so earnest an artist has the best wishes of all his friends. He has for years been following the instructions of noted teachers, and has recently been appointed to a professional position in Toronto.

Hon. Adam Beck was in town on Tuesday. Mrs. Beck and her little daughter, who have been at the seaside in the south of England for several months, have returned home, in the best of health.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark received the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston at the tea hour on Monday, and a number of military Toronto folk were invited to meet the strangers, who had been entertained at luncheon at the Fort. The teatable was set in the ballroom, and decorated in scarlet flowers. Lady Clark wore a handsome pale blue silk and lace gown with diamond ornaments.

His Excellency the Governor-General will be in town at mid-week to open the Evangelia Institute, and will be the guest of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor at Government House.

His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor went to Kingston early in the week (Mr. Douglas Young attending him as A.D.C.) to open the "Made in Canada" Exhibition, now on in the Limestone City.

Dr. and Mrs. John L. Bray, of Chatham, have come to Toronto to reside, and have taken a house in Avenue road. Dr. Bray has received Hon. Dr. Pyne's appointment to the secretaryship of the Medical Council, the latter's political duties taking up all his energies.

Miss Melvin-Jones has gone to Ottawa to visit Lady Laurier. Mrs. Melvin-Jones was at The Welland for a brief visit, and returned to town on Wednesday. Great anticipations of a delightful evening are indulged in by the company bidden to a musical evening at Llawhaden, on Thursday next.

The Maple City (Chatham) is enjoying an epidemic of weddings and their attendant festivities. Miss Battisby and Mr. Brackin were married there on Wednesday, and will take up house in Bellington street. Miss McKeough and Mr. Shannon, manager of the Standard Bank, are

to be married early next month. The long delayed opening of the new Armories, a fine building, on Tecumseh Park, will take place in December, the occasion being adorned by a band concert, at which the band of the 48th Highland Regiment will furnish the music. Later on in the season a grand ball will be given in the Armories by the colonel and officers of the 24th Regiment.

Sir Mortimer and Lady Clark are going to Hamilton in connection with some historic interests.

The very sad news from Collingwood of the bereavement of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Calderwood, who have lost their fine little younger son, has aroused many expressions of sympathy. Both parents are unusually devoted to their children, who have been very fine, healthy little fellows until this sad and regrettable event.

The tea at the Q.O.R. bungalow, Long Branch Rifle Ranges, is an event which is on this afternoon, having been postponed on account of wet weather from this day fortnight to to-day. Colonel Sir Henry and Lady Pellatt will receive at the bungalow.

Mrs. Stewart Pritchard and Miss Pritchard are in Peterboro.

Mr. Grant Morden is deer-stalking in the Cairngorm Mountains, Aviemore, Inverness-shire, Scotland, one of Lord Templetown's estates, with Viscount Templetown.

Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Harper have taken a flat at 229 Howland avenue until their new house is completed.

A perfect October day and numbers of gaily dressed ladies and red coated men circulating around a fine old-fashioned club house, in the care of a genial host, was the spectacle presented on the occasion of the president's lunch at the High Park Golf Club on Thursday of last week. President J. A. Kammerer was ably assisted by Mrs. Kammerer, and everyone seemed to enjoy the opportunity to get out into the country and wander at will over the beautiful green sward. Considering that these grounds were all farm lands only last April the "Greens Committee" may safely be congratulated on their work. The whole hundred acres has been cropped and cut until it looks like one large lawn, and the eighteen holes present enough diversity to suit the most sporty of golfers. Lunch was laid for 120, and quite a cozy spectacle it was when the president and his guests sat down. Some music and a short dance for the young folks followed, and the company dispersed, voting the chief a "jolly good fellow." Among those present were: Mr. and Mrs. C. N. Ramsay, the Misses Kammerer, M. L. Atkinson, D. H. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Miss Oliver, Mr. and Mrs. H. M. Wetherald, Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Black, Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Scheak, Miss Menzies, Miss Burns, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Watson, Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Langdon, Mr. A. A. Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Gouinlock, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Ramsay, Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Mahony, Mr. and Mrs. Fletcher Snider, Mr. and Mrs. A. Frank Wickson, Mr. and Mrs. Raney, Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Gregory, Mrs. and Miss Morphy, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Shennan, Mr. Lud. K. Cameron, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Anthes, Mrs. Wm. Inglis, Mrs. I. Sproul Smith, Mrs. Jas. Matthews, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Blackburn, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Walsh, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Hyland, Mr. Jas. N. Bell, Mr. W. H. Plant, Mr. H. J. Love, Mr. and F. H. Gooch.

Several notices of post-nuptial receptions were received too late for insertion last week. These columns were amply filled by Wednesday evening, and the notices did not reach me until Thursday.

Mrs. Windeyer, of Oakville, has been visiting Mrs. Charles E. Robinson at her home in Rose avenue.

Among the saloon passengers booked to sail on the next trip of the Cunard SS. Lusitania from Liverpool to New York is Dr. E. G. Hodgson, of Toronto, who has been spending a year and a half at the different hospitals of London, Berlin and Vienna.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Squarey announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Mabel, to Mr. George A. Gouin, of Edmonton, Alberta, son of Mr. C. L. Gouin. The wedding will take place on Monday, November the twenty-fifth.

Miss Angela Edwards' concert, arranged for the 24th inst., will not take place. It is postponed since she on account of her having been unavoidably called out of town for some months.

The engagement is announced of Miss Estelle Maude Oliver, only daughter of the late Charles Oliver, barrister of Woodstock, to Mr. James P. Carlyle, of the Sovereign Bank, Windsor, son of the late Dr. Jas. Carlyle, Gerrard street, Toronto. The marriage is arranged to take place on October 23, at 598 King street, Woodstock.

The marriage of Miss Jean Dick, daughter of Mrs. Thomas Dick, of Hensall, and Dr. Fred Cawthorpe, of Parkhill, took place quietly at the home of the bride's mother on Friday, September 27.

ANOTHER EVIDENCE OF SAFETY

Small sums, however, cannot be individually invested in this way. In our Savings Department we gather the many small sums, and form an amount which can be so invested to advantage, and our depositors share in the profit as well as the safety. We have the large sum of \$23,061,182.60, more than ninety per cent. of our assets, invested in choice mortgages.

CANADA PERMANENT MORTGAGE CORPORATION

Toronto Street

Toronto

MORTGAGE LOANS

It is well known that the safest way to invest money is in mortgages on improved real estate.

DEPRECIATION IN STOCKS

never worries Cook's bathers, for when one indulges in a Turkish and Russian Bath at Cook's once or twice a week one feels good all the time and cannot feel otherwise. If you are feeling out of sorts by all means visit Cook's at once and get right. They are open day and night; excellent sleeping accommodation and rooms for those remaining all night. DAINY BILL OF FARE SERVED AT ALL HOURS.

202-204 KING ST. WEST, TORONTO**STYLE IN HAIR**

is an important factor with my lady to-day. There is only one place on this continent that is recognized as creators of these styles. If you would have the very latest in hair, visit the store of

Dorenwend's

Switches, Pompadours, Bangs, Waves, Cluster Curls, Coronet Braids, Transformations, Wigs, Puffs, etc.

We particularly invite you to try one of our 7 experts for **MARCEL-WAVING**. Phone appointments Main 1551.

For out-of-town customers we have a well equipped Mail Order Department.

The DORENWEND Co. of TORONTO

LIMITED

103-105 YONGE ST.

Main 1551

Mackay
Ladies Tailor

Exclusive styles in strictly man tailored garments.

Phone Main 5266.

101 Yonge Street.

**"PERRIN"**

is a name that may be accepted with confidence by all who seek the best in

GLOVES

It stands for the most correct style, the best quality, perfect fit and great durability. Every pair guaranteed. Ask for Perrin's gloves.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Perrin, Freres & Cie., Grenoble, France**FINE OLD PORTS**

We carry a large assortment of the **Finest Old Ports** for Table and Invalids.

Port	Gallon	Dozen	Bottle
Full and Soft	\$ 5.00	11.00	1.00
A Full, Rich Old Wine	6.00	13.00	1.25
Old, Extra Choice	7.00	15.00	1.50
Very Old, Extra Choice	8.00	17.00	1.75
White Port, J. W. Burmester	13.00	13.00	1.35
Commodore	18.00	18.00	1.75
Convidio Port Wine	15.00	15.00	1.50
Special Old Port	10.00	22.00	2.00
Gilbey's Invalid Port	14.00	14.00	1.25

These Wines comprise selections from Messrs. Sandeman, Cockburn, Hunt and Graham, and have been thoroughly matured in wood before shipment.

THE WM. MARA CO.

VAULTS-71, 73, 75, 77 and 79 Yonge St. WINE MERCHANTS

and 2, 4, 6 and 8 King St. E. 79 YONGE ST., TORONTO

LARGE SIZE 85c.**Tooth****Brushes****Dental****Floss****W. H. LEE****KING EDWARD DRUG STORE**

Church and Wellesley Sts.

Avenue Road and Macpherson Ave.

Have you accepted
our remarkable offer?
\$2.70 Worth
of
SANITOL
for **\$1.00**

We want you to become familiar, by actual use, with all of the tooth and toilet preparations sold under the name **SANITOL**. We are therefore making you a special introductory offer of full-size packages of the following 10 Sanitol preparations for only \$1.00. The total regular price of these 10 products, if purchased separately, is \$2.70:

Sanitol Tooth Powder	25c
Sanitol Face Cream	25c
Sanitol Tooth Paste	25c
Sanitol Toilet Powder	25c
Sanitol Liquid Antiseptic	25c
Sanitol Bath Powder	25c
Sanitol Tooth Brush	35c
Sanitol Shaving Cream	25c
Sanitol Violet-Elite Soap	25c
Sanitol Face Powder	35c
Total Retail Price	\$2.70

All these for a \$1.00 bill

Cut out this advertisement and mail at once with \$1.00 and we will deliver these 10 products to you through your own druggist. In writing for this assortment give:

- 1st. Your druggist's name and address in full.
- 2nd. Your name and address in full.
- 3rd. Pin to the letter a \$1.00 bill and address your letter.

Sanitol Chemical Laboratory Company,
101 Boyle Ave., St. Louis, U.S.A.



St. George's Baking Powder

—the baking powder that makes
the best bread—the whitest biscuits—
the lightest cake and pastry—
you ever saw.

"Order a can NOW—so you will
be sure to have ST. GEORGE'S
for your next baking."

Write for free copy of our new Cook-Book.

National Drug & Chemical Co. of
Canada Limited, Montreal.

Drawing Room Wall Papers

Drawing Rooms, whether
single or en suite, need most
careful attention in the matter
of decoration. Here daintiness
and dignity must unite.

Our stock of Drawing Room
Hangings was never larger or
more varied. Period designs
in Silks, Damasks and two-
tones, in the newest shades of
green, rose, yellow, blue,
fawn and ivory.

The W. J. Bolus Co.
Limited
245 Yonge St. . . . TORONTO

Superfluous Hair Removed by the New Principle De Miracle

a revelation to modern science. It is the
only scientific and practical way to destroy
hair. Don't waste time experimenting with
electrolysis X-ray and depilatories. These are
offered you on the HARE WORD of the oper-
ators and manufacturers. De Miracle is not
it. It is the only method which is endorsed by
physicians, surgeons, dermatologists, medical
journals and prominent magazines. Booklet
free, in plain sealed envelope. De Miracle
mailed, sealed in plain wrapper, for \$1.00 by
De Miracle Chemical Co., 1912 Park Ave., New
York. Your money back without question (no
red tape) if it fails to do all that is claimed for it.
For sale by all first-class druggists, department
stores and

**The Robt. Simpson Co.,
Limited, Toronto**

PARIS—LADIES' COLLEGE, Chateau
d'Auteuil, 16 rue d'Auteuil.—Principals:
Mlle. Bourc; Professors for French, Ger-
man, Italian, Spanish, music, etc.; highest
references in America; comfortable home;
large garden, tennis, croquet, etc.; pro-
spectus on application.

Anecdotes About Great Musicians

IN refutation of the hereditary creed that woman is al-
ways inhuman to "the other woman," a little anecdote
about Malibran and Sontag is really refreshing, writes
Mme. Higgins-Glenerne in the Sunday Magazine. They
frequently sang in the same company, and on such occa-
sions the presence of the one seemed to stimulate the
genius of the other; so much so that each time Mme.
Sontag achieved a triumph Malibran would weep and
exclaim, "Mon Dieu! why does she sing so well?"

It was long the ardent desire of amateurs to hear
these two charming artists together in the same opera;
but they entertained a mutual fear of each other, and for
some time this coveted gratification was deferred. How-
ever, one night there was to be a concert at the house of
the Countess Merlin. A plot had been laid secretly, and
toward the close of the concert they were requested to
sing the duet in "Tancredi."

For some moments each of them manifested a decided
hesitation to comply; but finally yielded and approached
the piano and the enthusiastic acclamations of all pres-
ent. They were agitated and almost amusingly observant
of each other; but as the symphony fixed their attention
the duet began.

The sympathetic emotion of the little audience was
most vivid, and so equally divided that at the close of the
duet, and in the very midst of the tumult of feeling, they
stood looking at each other bewildered, astonished, de-
lighted, and, swept away by a spontaneity of feeling and
involuntary attraction, their hands and lips met, and a
kiss of sisterly peace was exchanged with all the vivacity
and impulsiveness of girlhood. The effect was never to
be forgotten by those who witnessed it. It was a most
charming tribute of genius to genius.

Running almost in parallel lines is the little story of
the great Nozari. Among the chorus singers of the
theatre of Bergamo, Italy, there was a tailor of very
moderate means and resources, who employed all his
talents and ability towards the support of a beloved
mother. One day, as it chanced, the celebrated singer
Nozari went to the shop of this modest artist in men's
wearing apparel to place an order for an evening suit.

After conversing for some little time upon the all ab-
sorbing subject of fit and finish, the singer noticed that
the face of the tailor was familiar, and, making inquiries,
discovered that he belonged to the opera chorus.

"Have you a good voice?" asked Nozari.
"Not particularly," replied the tailor. "I can scarcely
reach A."

"Let me hear," demanded Nozari, stepping to a piano
that stood in one corner of the shop. "Begin!"

The tailor with difficulty reached G.
"Now the A."

"I can't signor."

"Sing the A! I command you!" cried Nozari, show-
ing signs of anger.

Again a great effort was made, and A was reached.

"And now the B flat!" cried Nozari.

The unfortunate tailor protested; but all in vain.
Nozari was determined.

"Indeed I am not able."

"Sing it, or by my soul I will—"

"No, signor; do not be angry. I will try."

The B flat was accomplished, and in a manner that
fairly astonished the quondam pupil himself. His ambi-
tion began to manifest itself.

"Now you see that it is possible," said Nozari in
triumph, "and I tell you, my son, if you will but practice
assiduously you will become the first tenor of Italy."

Nozari was not mistaken; for the poor tailor and
chorus singer became afterwards the great Rubini.

A rather comical story relating to the great Rachel
and at one time her devoted admirer, Prince Demidoff,
runs this way:

It seems that upon the occasion of the prince's visits
to the charming actress she would often greet him in
playful mood, and, while criticizing his attire, which was
the special object of his thought, would draw from his
necktie the pin which secured it, a cameo, topaz, ruby,
or whatever it might chance to be, and place it in her
pin-cushion, or upon her corsage.

This habit greatly amused the prince, it seemed so
childish and such a mischievous act, and it really added
to her charm in his eyes. One day, however, he called,
wearing a sort of stock, and consequently had no jewel.

The observant maid noticed that there was no pin in
the tie of Demidoff, and when she announced him to her
mistress, mentioned the fact. "It is the prince; but he
wears a stock."

"Then say I am out," replied Rachel.

Finding himself refused an interview, the prince set
about learning the real reason. It mightily amused him,
and thereafter he never appeared without the bauble that
had always proved the sesame to the great actress's
presence.

It is said that the meteoric career of George B. Cortle-
yon is unparalleled in the history of the United States.
Eight years ago he was a stenographer and assistant sec-
retary in the White House. In the last four years he has
created one cabinet department, reorganized another,
managed a presidential campaign with brilliant success,
and is now discharging the duties of the second most im-
portant Cabinet position. He is only forty-five years old,
but is looked upon by many as a presidential possibility.
Certain American newspapers point out that Cortleyon
has never filled an elective office, and is merely a first-class
clerk, a fine administrator of departments, but without
the large initiative necessary to fill the presidential chair.
Still he seems to be a man who must keep on climbing.
He is worth watching by those interested in the public
affairs of the Republic.

The King of England's recent visit to Marienbad re-
calls the story of how champagne received the nickname
by which it is generally known in England. At a Marien-
bad picnic, it seems, the Prince of Wales, as he then was,
was sitting next a very beautiful American, and he noticed
that whenever this lady wished to have her glass filled up,
instead of boldly asking for champagne, she always in-
quired for "the boy"—it being the fact that in Bohemia
the waiting at table is done by quite young lads. This
superdelicacy much amused His Royal Highness, and it
soon became the fashion, which in time spread elsewhere,
to give champagne the pseudonym which still excites so
much surprise among foreigners visiting England.

The Esperanto Man.

THE ranks of Canadian Esperantists are no doubt be-
ing augmented to some extent since the recent
Cambridge convention, which has come in for very con-
siderable comment by the press. Doctor Ludovic Lazarus
Zamenhof, who invented the Esperanto or universal lan-
guage, is a Russian Pole, an eye doctor, whose home is in
Warsaw. He is not a prepossessing looking individual,
according to his photographs. He is bald-headed, be-
spectacled and bewhiskered. But those whose nouns end
in "o," adjectives in "a" and adverbs in "e," are very
enthusiastic about him. It is said that at Cambridge the
young lady Esperantists quite smothered him with kisses.
Speaking of his appearance there, Current Literature, in
its chatty way, says:

The international congress of Esperantists, compris-
ing delegates from extinguished Corea, as well as from
assertive and undominated Paraguay, had opened. Here
stood Zamenhof again—he who has dreamed, thought,
striven, and pondered for twenty years in behalf of the
brotherhood of man, the fraternity of nations, ideals
promoted by pronouns ending in "i," and spelling ac-
cording to sound. "Dear friends in Esperanto," began
the doctor, who never visited Western Europe until three
years ago. A thousand or two Esperanto throats of brass
roared applause, for the doctor is a timid, likable, little
man, who assumes no airs, and is sincerely resolved to
bring peace on earth on the basis of his vocabulary of
1,891 roots, and a flexible method of word-building. Thus
beset and beshadowed by his legions, Doctor Zamen-
hof illustrated to the Esperantists before him the resources
of their language by delivering in it an original, capti-
vating and instructive series of moral, historical and
biographical commentaries on the situation.

It was, from an Esperantist point of view, said Doctor
Zamenhof, glorious to reflect that while the motto of
the cause had never been put into words, its spirit had
been felt throughout the world. They wished to create
a common ground upon which the wildest varieties of
our species might mingle harmoniously through the
medium of a rich, mellifluous and universal tongue.
Hence the significance of the beautiful and majestic little
green badge which called Esperantists year by year from
all over the earth in the name of that most beautiful vision
of mankind.

In concluding with the cry "Long Live Esperanto!"
Doctor Zamenhof felt called upon to add at the top of
his slightly enfeebled treble the aspiration: "But above
all long live the soul of Esperantism!" a slogan taken
up—although there are too many "j's" in it to look quite
pretty in print—with all the fervor of the ancient Britons
in the days of Queen Boadicea. Doctor Zamenhof re-
sumed his seat beside his wife, a most amiable lady who
speaks not only Esperanto but French, German and
Russian.

It is the crowning glory of Esperanto that its devo-
tees are equal in eloquence, in style and in those ad-
ventitious rhetorical aids by means of which a Milton in
English becomes immortal, a Corneille in French admired
and a Goethe in German classic. Shakespeare himself,
with the 2,200 words of the Esperanto vocabulary, is no
better than anyone else. The author of Hamlet has with
the Esperanto stem "san" no poetical advantage over the
author of "Old Grimes is Dead." From "san," for in-
stance, are formed sano, health, sana, healthy, sani, to be
well, and so on to infinity or until we halt at sanulo, a
healthy person. The younger and more hot-headed among
the Esperantists discussed the strict limitation of the
vocabulary last month until Babel Tower, with the con-
fusion of tongues—were not Babel added with the con-
flagration of thoughts, as someone somewhere says—
seemed pellucidity itself. Too many Esperantists asked
for wider powers in the invention of new words. Syn-
onyms are to Zamenhof what Carthage was to Cato. The
style of Esperanto is consequently cramped in places, as
was General Monk, whom they shipped to England in a
packing case. Esperanto is prone to baldness of expres-
sion as well, but so was Caesar when his hair grew thin on
top. The conservatives, in a word, proved as powerful
in the congress at Cambridge as they have so long been
in the House of Lords at Westminster.

The true commuter must be by nature a man who
takes to routine. There are some who have commuted
for a quarter of a century or more, and yet have not ac-
quired the trick, and never will. They are, says The Ar-
gonaut, the ones who write letters to the newspapers,
air their grievances against the heartless railroad cor-
porations. They are not born commuters; they have
had commutation thrust upon them. But many really
enjoy the life of the commuter. They like the clock-like
regularity. They like the pleasant social aspect of the
early morning trip to town the neighborly interest in one
another's affairs, the ample time for reading the news-
papers, which numerous city residents miss by not being
obliged to get an early start. They look forward to the
pleasant relaxation of the whistle game on the way home,
with head on one side to keep the smoke out of their
eyes. Some of them even say that they enjoy being
awakened early in the morning. Undoubtedly it is a
more wholesome existence physically, but mentally and
spiritually it has the defects of its virtues when pursued
all the year round. The commuter devotes the best part
of the day to one narrow corner of the city; the rest of
his time, not consumed on the train, is in the still more
narrowing atmosphere of the suburbs. He neither gets all
the way into the life of the city nor clean out into the
country. So his view of things has neither the perspective
of robust rurality nor the sophistication of a man in the
city and of it. His return to nature is only half way;
his urbanity is suburban. Much of our literature, art,
and especially criticisms, shows the taint of the commu-
ter's point of view.

Push-me-ta-ha, former chief of the Osages, is said to
be the richest Indian in the world. His wealth is esti-
mated at \$2,000,000, and that of his entire family, con-
sisting, besides himself, of three wives and seventeen
children, at \$10,000,000. The riches of these aborigines
are the result of the discovery of oil and gas on their
lands. The old chief's monthly income from oil and gas
royalties alone is \$30,000. He lives in a miserable log
hut eighteen miles from Tulsa, Indian Territory, U.S.A.,
and derives no real benefit from his large revenue.

Not many people know that bullion from the smelter
at Trail has been employed in coinage for the Philippines.
It seems that a stock of British Columbian silver, which
was at San Francisco three or four years ago, was bought
by the United States Government as new material for its
Philippine coinage, the sample submitted having excelled
in purity any other sample submitted. A successful elec-
trolytic refinery was established at Trail four years ago,
and was assisted by the bounty policy of the Government.

Apollinaris

"The Queen of Table Waters"

WORLD FAMOUS MONEY CANNOT BUY BETTER THAN PERFUMED TOILET
BORATED
INFANTS' DELIGHT SOAP
DELIGHTFUL--10 CENTS--EVERYWHERE
ASK YOUR DRUGGIST 35 Medals and Awards Avoid Substitutes

O'K Over in Bohemia

about 52 miles from Prague,
lies the town of Pilsen. It was
at Pilsen that Pilsener beer was
originated.

If you have travelled through that part of
Germany, you probably recall with pleasure the
delicious light beer which was served.

When you drink O'Keefe's "Pilsener" Lager, you will
instantly recognise the delicious lager of Bohemia. It's brewed
from the same formula used by the brewmasters of Pilsen.
Being brewed here in Canada, of course there is no duty
to pay on it. That's why it costs so much less than
imported lagers, not as good.

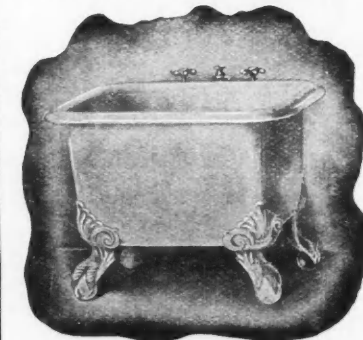
All hotels, cafes and dealers have
"The Light Beer in the Light Bottle."

O'Keefe Brewery Co.
Limited.
TORONTO.

106

SURE AND LASTING DIVIDENDS FOR THE HOUSEHOLDER

You may see for yourself what it means to install in your
home the perfect sanitation secured by



"STANDARD IDEAL" PORCELAIN ENAMELED WARE

Made in one piece, snow
white, smooth as glass,
durable as iron, preventing
all possibility of secreting
dirt, dust, or generating
poisonous gases or bacteria,
it pays steady dividends in
cleanliness and health.

Moderate in cost, perfect
in material and construc-
tion, it eliminates expenses
for repairs, and gives the
best service for a life-time. And its sanitary perfection, com-
bined with the beauty and comfort it adds to a home, increases
the money value of the property. No modern home is properly
or safely equipped without it.

"Standard Ideal" Ware Lasts Longest

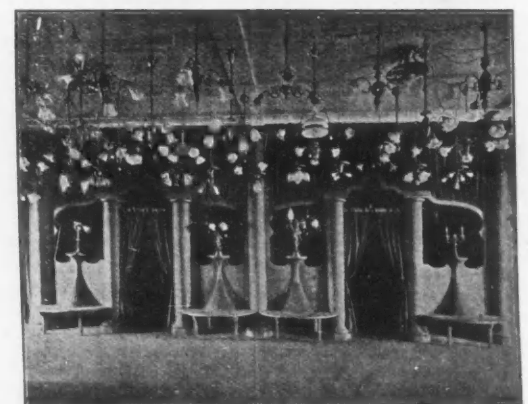
Your architect or plumber knows all about it, and will be
glad to recommend it. Get his opinion.

THE STANDARD IDEAL CO., LIMITED
PORT HOPE, ONTARIO

Sales Offices and Sample Rooms: Toronto, 50 Colborne St.
Montreal, 128 West Craig St. Winnipeg, 24 Telfer Block.



MOST interesting exhibit of
lighting fixtures that will
please all home owners who
take a pride in the decora-
tion of their homes may be
seen at our show rooms, 12 Adelaide St.
East, Toronto.



INTERIOR OF SHOW ROOM

Toronto Electric Light Co.

PERSONAL GREETING CARDS

THE pleasing custom of sending a personal greeting card at the Christmas season promises to meet with universal recognition this year.

OUR complete assortment of over 150 dainty and original cards is now on view in our Stationery Department.

EVERY detail in connection with the producing of these artistic creations is attended to right on the premises.

WE would advise the immediate placing of your order in order that there be no disappointment in the rush of Christmas.

RYRIE BROS.

Limited

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Prescriptions

ANDREW JEFFREY

Yonge and Carlton Streets

MEDALS—35—AWARDS

SKIN FOOD SOAP
THE FAMOUS
BENZOL

Keeps the Face Young
Removes the Complexion
If your druggist doesn't keep it, send 25c for
Tablet, with Directions, to SALES DEPT.,
531 Front Street East, Toronto

DERMATOLOGY

Under the direction of an expert dermatologist, we employ only the very best and safest methods for removing
Superfluous Hair
Freckles
Moles
Warts
Birthmarks, Etc.
In our handsome brochure are many very useful hints for the care and treatment of the complexion. It is yours for the asking.

HISCOTT
DERMATOLOGICAL
INSTITUTE
of College Street, Toronto

"The House that Quality Built"



Our New Department

Ladies' Ulsters and Coats

We make to order from the finest of Imported Scotch Tweeds in exclusive patterns—styles by one of the best designers in America. Specially skilled tailor-men and cutters. We invite inspection and enquiry.

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77 King St. West

Tailors and Haberdashers

Lace Curtains

and fancy starch work carefully and promptly done by

The Yorkville Laundry
45 Elm Street.

Phone M 1800

Young Canadians Serving the King

LXXI.



THE LATE CAPTAIN W. G. STAIRS,
Royal Engineers. Graduate Royal Military College of Canada, 1882.

Social and Personal

A WEDDING which will long be remembered in Toronto society for its stately beauty and lavish accessories, took place in St. James' Cathedral on Wednesday, October 9, at half-past two o'clock. Mr. Charles Cambie, assistant manager of the Toronto office of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, and Miss Cecil Evelyn Boulton Nordheimer, daughter of Mr. Nordheimer, of Glenedyth, were the happy groom and bride whom their friends hastened to honor, and long before the hour of the ceremony the central aisle seats of the great cathedral were a veritable sea of waving plumes, nodding flowers and smiling faces, and the ushers were escorting late comers up the eastern side aisle, where the beautiful memorial Nordheimer font is placed, and which had to be reserved for the unusually large crowd of guests whose acceptances kept the postman trotting up Glenedyth Hill about three weeks ago. The decorations of the cathedral were done by Dunlop, and consisted of tall white standards springing from every pew door on which were tied huge bouquets of white mums, the broad satin ribbon arranged in soft graceful bows, and the effect being most stately and picturesque. The altar was crowned with white mums, and a forest of immense palms screened the chancel. A very large choir led the bride's procession, singing a hymn written by the rector, Canon Welch, and set to music by Dr. Ham, the organist of the cathedral. Mr. Nordheimer brought in the bride and gave her away. Immediately preceding the bridesmaids was a most composed little flower girl of seven years, Estelle, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hodgins, of Cloynewood, in a white lace and silk frock and white felt hat, and carrying a nosegay of lily of the valley. The six bridesmaids, Miss Erol Nordheimer, sister of the bride, as maid of honor, Miss Athol Boulton, cousin of the bride, Miss Christobel Robinson, of Beverley House, Miss Phyllis Nordheimer, youngest of Glenedyth's fair daughters, Miss Kerr, of Rathnelly, and Miss Yvonne Nordheimer, cousin of the bride, walking singly and in pairs alternately, the maid of honor leading, were gowned exactly alike in orchid mauve marquisette, with bands and bretelles of orchid satin and silver tissue opening over Vandyke guimpes of white net and lace, and hats of orchid felt with spreading plumes on the turned up front brims and soft large bows of orchid satin. They were a thing of beauty, those six bridesmaids, the shade chosen for their gowns and hats suiting each one well, and Miss Kerr and Miss Athol Boulton looking particularly lovely. The bouquets were of mauve orchids sashed with wide satin ribbons. The bride wore a gown of softest Liberty satin, very richly trimmed with Brussels point, the lace wide and ivory tinted being festooned on the skirt and formed into a fichu berth on the bodice, while an exquisite veil of the same, creamy with age, was fastened on the fair hair of the young bride, and fell in priceless beauty far on the sweeping satin train. This beautiful lace was the bridal veil of the bride's mother, when it fell about the sweet face of one of the most lovely girls that even the Boulton family, famous for its beauties, ever called daughter. The bridal bouquet was of orchids, with showers of lily of the valley wreathing *bebe* ribbon streamers, and the dainty crown resting on the golden hair was of jasmine, stephanotis, and the traditional orange blossom. Mr. John Cambie, of Vancouver, brother of the groom, was best man, and the ushers were Mr. Roy Nordheimer, R.M.C., brother of the bride, Mr. Basil White, cousin of the groom, Mr. Leggett, of Hamilton, Mr. Ernest Cattanch, Mr. Edward Houston, and Mr. Clement Pepler. The service was fully choral, and the officiating clergy were the Bishop of Niagara and the rector, Rev. Canon Welch. It is notable, in connection with the weddings of last Wednesday, and the previous Wednesday, that the fourth generation back, a Denison and a Boulton were churchwardens of the cathedral in which their respective great-grandchildren were married. After the ceremony the large company followed the bridal party to the stately home on the hill, where every arrangement was perfect, and where a stream of motors and carriages set down their dainty freight, until the roomy precincts of the mansion were fairly taxed. Mr. and Mrs. Nordheimer received at the entrance to the drawing rooms, and the bridal party were in the north room, grouped in a bower of white and golden mums and green. D'Alessandro's harpers played in the large square hall, behind a screen of palms, and the *dejeuner* was served in three rooms by a host of waiters and servants of the house. Chinn, the butler at The Grange, the Boulton homestead, had the honor of announcing guests to the bride and groom, as he had announced their grandparents in his early days of service. The special table for the bridal party was centred by a towering wedding cake and wide white ribbons guarded the

recess in which it was set, until the bride and groom and host and hostess had welcomed the latest guest, when they led the way, and were joined by the officiating Bishop and Mrs. DuMoulin and Dr. and Mrs. Goldwin Smith. The health of the bride was proposed by the bishop, and the health of the bridesmaids by Dr. Goldwin Smith, Bishop DuMoulin telling with infinite zest how he had first met the bride's mother, then in her first belledom, when he was courting his own wife, in London the less. Mr. Cambie made a pleasant acknowledgment of the "health," on behalf of himself and his bride, and presently the bride went away to don her travelling dress of orchid chiffon cloth, braided in silk braid, and hat to match, faced with blue and trimmed with orchid plumes tipped with blue. Mr. and Mrs. Cambie have gone to the Pacific Coast for their honeymoon.

To describe the magnificent gowns at this wedding would be impossible, but a few were: Lady Clark's emerald velvet with elaborate cloak; Lady Pellatt's beautiful brocade in grey and pink with rainbow paillette trimmings; Mrs. Melvin-Jones' dainty white lace, over violet silk, with cape of ostrich feathers and embroidery; Mrs. Douglas Young's rich purple with large hat to match; Mrs. G. R. R. Cockburn's pale blue gown, with handsome white mantle and lace hat with black plumes and pink roses; Mrs. Mackenzie Alexander's dainty Dresden silk with large hat; Mrs. MacMahon's lovely apricot cloth with boa and hat to match; Mrs. Albert Gooderham's white cloth with insertions of heavy lace. The pretty young matrons were charming, Mrs. Sydney Small, Mrs. Hal Osler, Mrs. Wilnot Matthews, Mrs. Cawthra Mulock, Mrs. Bob Cassels, Mrs. Gordon Osler, Mrs. Victor Williams, Mrs. Hamilton, being very much admired. Mr. and Mrs. Major from Niagara Falls were at the wedding, Mrs. Major looking very sweet in a delicate shade of gray. The Misses Morris from Vancouver were graceful girls whom their Toronto friends greeted cordially. Mr. and Mrs. and Miss Hale from London, were also much welcomed. Mrs. Nordheimer was beautifully and quietly gowned in mouse grey chiffon velvet with toque to match, the dress relieved with touches of dull silver and a touch of color most effectively given by a fairlylike bouquet of yellow orchids. When the bride was leaving she tossed her lovely bouquet from the gallery, which surrounds the upper landing and gives upon the large hall, and Miss Kerr, of Rathnelly was the bridesmaid who caught it. The bridal gifts cannot be described or enumerated, so splendid and numerous were they. Relatives from Germany, England, and elsewhere sent jewels, a magnificent lot, a very complete travelling bag, cheques and silver, and Canadian friends seem to have vied in the beauty and taste of their presents. Mr. Cambie's staff at the bank, gave him a couple of handsome library chairs. Two of the bride's sisters gave her their own handiwork, Miss Athol a carved settee, and Miss Adele a set of handpainted coffee cups. The walls were covered with pictures for the bride, the varied dainty cabinets, tables, chairs, clocks and silver services, made the guests wonder how the young housekeeper would manage to use or stow away such a collection. When, amid showers of confetti, cheers and strains of music, Mr. and Mrs. Cambie left Glenedyth it was a long time before the last motor and carriage rolled after them, for, as one guest remarked, "One can do nothing after such a grand time but go home and think about it."

Hon. E. J. and Mrs. Davis announce the engagement of their daughter, Edith Velma, to Dr. Alfred Webb, of Newmarket. The marriage will take place quietly on October the twenty-ninth.

Everyone was sorry that Mrs. Melfort Boulton was called away from town, and was obliged to miss the wedding of her niece on Wednesday. Lady Thompson was one of the guests who looked particularly well. Lady Mulock was another guest who offered good wishes to the bride and groom. Mrs. Goldwin Smith and Mrs. Burns, just back from Clifton Springs, were at the wedding. Mrs. Dawson, Miss Dawson, Mr. and Mrs. Plumb, Mr. and Mrs. Weston Brock, Mrs. W. D. Matthews, Mrs. Sinclair and her daughters, Senator Kerr, Mrs. Wallace Nesbitt and Mrs. W. H. Cawthra, Mrs. and the Misses Hagarty, Mrs. Cawthra and Mr. Jack Cawthra, Messrs. Baldwin, of Mashquah, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fleming, Colonel and Mrs. Denison, of Heydon Villa, Colonel Septimus, Mrs. and Miss Denison, Professor and Mrs. Mavor and Miss Mavor, Mrs. and Miss Sprague, Dr. and Mrs. O'Reilly, Dr. B. O'Reilly, Judge, Mrs. and Miss Hodgins, Rev. Canon Cayley, Dr. Lang, Colonel and Mrs. Clarence Denison, Mrs. Sweny, of Rohallion, Captain Walter Denison, Mr. Davidson Harman, Mrs. Hutton, Principal and Mrs. Auden, Colonel and Mrs. Davidson, Professor and Mrs. Kenrick, Mr. and Mrs. Loudon, Mr. and Miss Langmuir, Mrs. Archie Langmuir, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Vankoughnet, the Misses Hugel, Mrs. Ramsay Wright, the Misses Arnoldi, Miss Patti Warren, the Misses Boulton, Mrs. Lissant Beardmore, Mr. Charles Beardmore, Mr. Sanford Smith, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses McMurrich, Mr. and Mrs. and the Misses Elmsley, Miss Mary Gzowski, and the Messrs. Gzowski, Dr., Mrs. and Miss Temple, Mr. and Mrs. Aemilius Jarvis, Mrs. and Miss Creighton, Mr. and Mrs. and Miss McCutcheon, were a few of the hundreds of guests.

Lady Laurier arrived up from Ottawa in a private car early in the week, and, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Melvin-Jones, went to Welland on Tuesday to open the Fair of all Nations, which has been a howling success. Lady Laurier spent Wednesday in town, being entertained at Llawhaden, and returned to Ottawa in the evening. Miss Melvin-Jones will not go to the capital until after the musical at Llawhaden next week.

The marriage of Mr. Joseph R. Kirkpatrick, of Toronto, and Miss Emily Louisa Champ, daughter of Mrs. Emily Champ, of 694 West End avenue, New York, took place at the home of the bride's mother, on October 7. Miss Ethel Champ was her sister's bridesmaid, and Mr. Walter Champ was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick are honeymooning in the Adirondacks. They will live at 648 Church street, on their return to Toronto. Venerable Archdeacon Fornoret, of Hamilton, performed their marriage ceremony.

Miss Margaret Houston is on her way to Toronto from England. While here she will be the guest of Mrs. Herbert Cox, Queen's Park, and will give a song recital some time the end of the month.

The marriage of Miss Dora Rowand and Mr. Jameison will take place in St. James' Cathedral, as St. Andrew's church will not be ready on the 16th.

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"I have come all the way out here," said the tenderfoot, "to see your beautiful sunset." "Somebody's been stringing you, stranger," replied Arizona Al. "It ain't mine."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"Out of a job?" "Yes—and they put a woman in my place." "Gee! Well, I'll tell you—why don't you marry the woman?"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Books and Authors

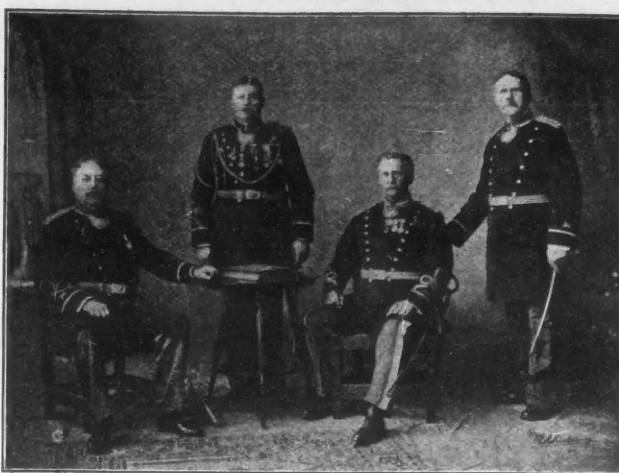
Notes Regarding Recent and Forthcoming Publications of Interest to Canadian Readers, and Gossip Concerning Writers, Old and New.

AN extremely interesting book for those who desire to know something about the famous soldiers of the United States, their personal lives and the campaigns in which they engaged, is "Leading American Soldiers," by R. M. Johnston, M.A., Cantab., lecturer in history at Harvard University (Henry Holt & Co., New York). The book gives the stories of thirteen generals, with portraits, from Washington to Grant and Lee. The author writes with a frankness that was not possible a few years ago about the captains of the civil war. It was long the fashion to extol Lincoln at the expense of all the other public figures of his time, but in the past few years many writers have begun, experimentally and with due caution, to present Lincoln as he was. The author of this volume does not disparage Lincoln, but he does not glorify him at the expense of other men—indeed he tells us that Grant on taking over command of the army listened imperturbably and without one word of assent or dissent to an utterly preposterous plan of campaign urged on him by the President, took his departure and planned his own campaign.

In his preface the author indulges in some interesting reflections as to whether war is wholly or always bad. He concedes that war as a habit is brutalizing in its effects on a nation, but questions whether a particular war may not have its value. In long peace may there not be too great a materialism? "Would it not have been better," he asks, "to have stood among our soldiers on the banks of the Rappahannock furiously cheering our great opponent Stonewall Jackson as he inspected his pickets on the further side, than to have lived twenty years longer to mingle with football mobs hurrahing at the disablement of a successful adversary? Or to have followed Sherman to the sea among waves of uplifted faces fondly dreaming liberty and righteousness had come, rather than spend a lengthened life in the lucrative but dubious routine of mercantile affairs? Which is the better part?" Who knows! It is all well enough for an onlooker to ask such questions, but if we will take answer from the men who cheered Jackson or marched with Sherman their verdict would be in favor of surviving to witness football matches and engage in trade. War often causes the bravest to be shot in the first battle, while the skulker lies safe behind his cover, or does not enlist at all. Perhaps the present materialism of the United States was unduly increased by the slaughter in the civil war of tens of thousands of those who were brave, ardent, generous and badly needed to leaven the gross commercialism of the nation.

"Gaff Linkum" is a Canadian tale by Archie P. McKishnie, published by William Briggs, Toronto. Mr. McKishnie is an ambitious young writer who is evidently aware that much good material for story-building is to be found in villages and country places all over this province—material which very few seem to have the inclination or skill to exploit. He has apparently made a somewhat careful study of the characters of an Ontario community with which he is familiar, and, flavoring his observations with a certain amount of imagination, has written a story which is quite creditable and interesting. Like most young writers he has not, in his first attempt at producing a lengthy manuscript, had the patience to polish his work, to rid it of inconsistencies, and to give it as far as possible the tone and balance that would make it entirely convincing. Yet "Gaff Linkum" is well worth reading. Some of the adventures of the youthful chums, Gaff and Buz, show the author to possess a real understanding of boy nature, and no inconsiderable aptitude for writing on this ever entertaining theme. A haunted mill, a band of gypsies, an evangelist with a past, and an interesting little blind girl figure in the story and give it color. The love element is also neatly introduced.

"A Turnpike Lady," by Sarah N. Cleghorn (Henry Holt & Company, New York, publishers), is a story of a typical family in a Vermont village in the old days before the incident of the Boston tea-party. It chiefly concerns the romance of Naomi, the Turnpike Lady, and is told simply and effectively. The tale is neither burd-ned nor decorated with descriptive writing and the char-



Officers of the Visiting Artillery Company.

The four officers of the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Boston, Mass., who visited Toronto this week. The commander, Major G. Jordan, is the first figure on the right, seated. The adjutant, Lieut.-Col. Percy A. Dyar, is also seated. The two lieutenants, Howard C. Woodbury and Isaac A. S. Steele, are standing, the former being to the right.

acters are made to reveal themselves almost entirely through the medium of dialogue; yet the narrative has a more than ordinary glow of local color, and Naomi and the other people of Beartown village seem quite lifelike to the reader. The story has some quaint touches of humor, and not a little of gentle and quite moving pathos.

"The Bookman" of the Manitoba Free Press enjoyed a chat with Rudyard Kipling when he was in Winnipeg the other day, and, speaking of it in his entertaining column, he says:

Referring to Mr. Kipling's overland voyage across Canada fifteen years ago I told him how I had gone down to that train to see off Ralph Connor, then a "Home Missionary" in the Rockies, and to carry a box of sandwiches to assist the dining car in keeping the vital spark alive within him until he reached his comfortable bachelor shack in the mountains. After the train steamed out a gentleman said to me: "Kipling is on that train." "Is he? Well, there's a man in the first-class car who, I hope, will foregather with him long ere they both reach the Foothills." As it happened, the writer, then already famous by reason of his tales of the East, and the missionary, then unconsciously secreting tales of the West, journeyed across the plains and into the mountains without so much as a glimpse of each other. And all because Home Missionaries in that day could not afford a Pullman. No more did their big chief, "The Superintendent," a man who did great things for Empire-building in the young Northwest. I told Mr. Kipling I thought it a pity that these two had missed each other fifteen years ago. Mr. Kipling thought so too. He would have liked some of the sandwiches, and he rather suspected the missionary would have shared them.

Social and Personal

Mr. Justice and Mrs. Garrow announce the engagement of their daughter, Eleanor Kay, to Mr. Joseph Gardener Standart, of Detroit.

The engagement is announced of Miss Rella May Sims, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. P. H. Sims, St. George street, and Mr. John Ross Stewart. The marriage will take place Wednesday, November 6.

Miss Sophie Hagarty, whose illness on the eve of her marriage was such a disappointment, is now convalescing at Atlantic City, her sister being with her.

Mrs. Alfred M. Simmons (Miss Roy, of Peterborough) will receive for the first time in her new home, 71 Bismarck avenue, on Wednesday, the 16th.

Mrs. Joseph Godard Hall, of 243 College street, announces the engagement of her daughter, Katharine Maisie, to Mr. Thomas Kelly Dickinson, of Montreal. The marriage will take place in Montreal on October the 23rd.

The Union Literary Society had its formal opening on the following evening.

Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Musson, 105 Delaware avenue, sailed last week on the Empress of India for a two months' visit in Europe.

On Friday evening, 4th inst., a public reception was given to the new students at Victoria College by the Y.M.C.A., Y.W.C.A., and the Union Literary Society. About 300 were

present. The Chancellor (Rev. N. Burwash, LL.D.) gave the address of welcome to the unusually large crowd of freshmen and freshettes. Addresses were also given by Miss T. Govenlock, and Messrs. G. M. Wright and W. E. Galloway, B.A. Musical and other items were contributed by Mrs. Scott-Raff, Miss H. C. Parlow and Mr. A. L. Burt. Refreshments and promenades followed.

A quiet wedding was celebrated at St. Augustine's church on Wednesday, October 2, by Rev. F. G. Plummer, when Myra Agnes, eldest daughter of the late Hon. Thomas Howard and granddaughter of the late Col. Dyde, G.M.C., A.D.C., of Montreal, was married to Charles Duncan Macdonell, of the Bank of Commerce, son of the late Hugh John Macdonell, of Whithy. Mr. and Mrs. Macdonell left by train for Atlantic City and other southern points.

A correspondent writes: "One of the 'buds' of this season who made her debut last week is Miss Lillian Macdonald, Strathdonald, Goderich, who attended her first dance under the chaperonage of Mrs. Nordheimer, Glenedyth, at the dinner dance given at that lady's lovely home. The dance was an immense success, being in honor of the bridesmaids of Miss Cecil Nordheimer as well as the fair young debutante, whose lovely white and silver gown was much admired."

The following Toronto people recently registered at the Clifton Hotel: Mr. and Mrs. N. Weatherston, Messrs. J. W. Curry, George Angus, A. E. Henderson, W. D. Carnahan, Lt.-Col. Galloway, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Gooderham, Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Gooderham and Alex. D. Gooderham, Messrs. J. D. Shields, Joseph Thompson, A. Solmon, W. Garwood, H. S. May and Thomas D. Dockray, Mr. and Mrs. Gzowski, Mr. H. C. Hammond, Mr. Case, Miss Sue Fitzsimon, Mr. D. H. McDougall, Mr. A. W. Hodgetts, Mrs. H. L. Watt, Mr. and Mrs. Fane Sewell, Mr. H. C. Jones, Mrs. S. Ross and Miss Gertrude Ross, Mr. and Mrs. D. Coulson and Miss Peters, Mr. J. W. Langmuir and party, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Gooderham and Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Buntin.

Mr. Frank Malone, of 86 Queen's Park, has gone to Sheffield, England, to put in a couple of years' study in the laboratories of the Wm. Jessop & Sons' steel works.

The first of the series of four Saturday evening hops to be held during the month of October by the Kew Beach Association proved to be most successful, an excellent programme of music artistically rendered and an exceptionally fine floor contributing very materially to the success of the evening. The committee deserves great credit and it is expected that an appreciation of their efforts will be shown by a continued success of the three remaining hops. Among those present were: Miss Grace Wright, Miss Florence Foy, Miss Hilda Bouvier, Miss Gertrude Spanner, Miss Palmer, Miss O'Leary, Miss Gertrude Gemmel, Miss Annie Smith, Miss Essie Ross, Miss Helen Brown, Mrs. Clifford Marshall, Miss May Gemmel, Mrs. Crombie, Miss Gertrude Forbes, Messrs. R. Kelly, J. Hynes, R. Allen, W. Lea, F. Summerhayes, A. Allen, A. Doherty, Mr. Foster, Mr. Crombie, Mr. McTaggart, J. Smith, A. Ross, C. Turner, C. Powell, C. Marshall, A. L. Longhead, H. H. Watts, E. Soanes, Gordon Scott, Walt. Jeffries, Gordon Spanner, B. Buckle.

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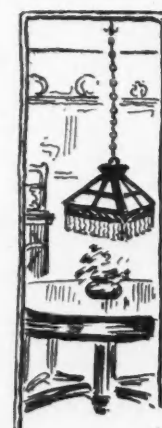


EVERYONE is interested in the inside of their homes now. Verandahs and lawns have had their season. Fireplaces and drawing rooms appeal to the members of the household now. Don't you want to re-cover some of your furniture for this season? Don't you need some new draperies?

We have such a quantity of new goods of this sort now in the Housefurnishing Department. New designs, new shades, new weavings. The simplest are the best, and we have plenty of artistic simplicity. Plenty of rich stuffs too—everything. Come and see.

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The leaders of Toronto society are now using radnor water almost exclusively in their charming entertainments, and the old days of our being dependent upon foreign productions in this line are at an end.

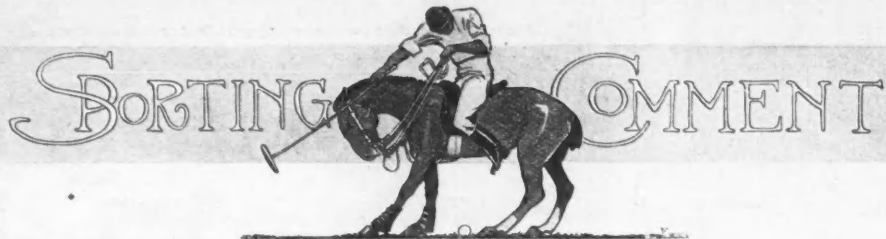
Radnor is bottled at its spring in the Laurentian Mountains with the greatest care, and comes to us fresh, sparkling and invigorating. Radnor is easily the best mixer in

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"Nagg is very fond of entertaining, isn't he?" "Yes; his wife has to be pleasant when there's company present!"—Boston Traveler.

"She hasn't any friends to speak of." "No? Then what are they for?"—Puck.



"The Game of Golf."

We both started out for the Babbicombe links,

I, and my old pal Jim,
To play for the dinners—likewise the drinks,

With a ball a hole thrown in.
The wind was perfect, the light was good,

And we felt like making a score;
So we stepped to the "tee," with a hope, you see—
Of beating our "eighty-four."

The ball that I drove was both steady and long,
Jimmie's was only fair;

His second, a brassie, not very strong,
Put him 'way up in the air.
He got there at last, and holed in "five."

Tho' the "bogey" for this is "three."

I holed on my third, and James was heard
A-cussin' his luck, quite free.

The second and third I won at my ease,
Jim, at the fourth, lost his ball.

From what I could gather, it went to the woods
And never was seen to fall.

At the end of the "ninth" I was four holes up,
And Jimmie was looking quite sad.

I was sorry for him, and it seemed a sin,
To feel in my heart so glad.

"Buck up," I said, as the "tenth" I won,
Showing my sympathy,

By bidding him think of the glorious fun
We'd had, and the scenery.

I chaffed him gently, for I felt so good,
Till the next three holes he scored.

Then I confess my carelessness—
Made me a trifle bored.

It makes quite a change when things go wrong,
Jimmie was feeling gay—

He got on his game and was going strong,
While I was fading away.

His kind words of cheer and his sympathy,
When he won the "dip" in two—

Annoyed for I fell, in a spot—O, well!
The air was a trifle blue.

I hated the smile on old Jim's fat face,
Lor', how it made me writhe

When he won the match, to my own disgrace.
At the seventeenth hole, in "five,"

And as we walked back to the old club house,
A chipper old Jim was he,

And he said with a grin, "When your match you win,
How it changes the scenery!"

W. H. WERLING.

Brantford, Ont.

THE expected has happened.

The New Inter-Provincial Football League has defied the C. A. A. U., and the battle is on. Though it was a moral certainty that something of the kind would happen to Montreal belongs the doubtful honor of precipitating the crisis. The very name Montreal has become anathema to the C. A. A. U., and the Montreal club would welcome the company of anyone in the outer darkness, and the presence of the Argonauts, a team from inside the ramparts of the governing body, would be indeed grateful and comforting.

We cannot forego a grudging admiration for the way the thing was managed. The Argonauts found themselves pitted against a team with Ernie Russell on the line-up. Ernie has yet to receive his certificate as a simon-pure from the powers that be, so the Toronto team very naturally refused to play if he were included. Montreal refused to go on without him. That is where they played their highest trump. If the trick went against them, there was no particular harm done; if it turned in their favor, they were that much ahead. It was distinctly up to the Argonauts. Here they had come three hundred miles to play a match, and as an alternative, they might have the debatable pleasure of viewing St. Lawrence Main on a moist afternoon. Any team of young fellows, with the average amount of human nature and a large allotment of sporting blood, would have decided as they did. They went ahead and played under protest, and the fat was in the fire.

As might be expected, there are chortles of glee from both the Mon-

treau and Ottawa camps. Nothing so humorous, and at the same time so eminently satisfactory, has happened in a long time. By the combination of events and a little astuteness, the Argonauts have been transferred from one side of the board to the other, and the Hamilton Tigers are left in solitary grandeur. They control the situation absolutely. If they remain firm the prospects are for a very dreary season's football; if they surrender to the voice of expediency, some notable contests are assured. It is a ticklish situation to face, and one that will have a decided influence on the future of the game. What are they going to do about it?

A GLANCE over the whole field of athletics at the present moment does not reveal anything to be particularly enthusiastic about. The L'Hereux scandal has been neither refuted nor proven, and from out West comes a pretty lusty yell at the way the Tecumsehs performed against New Westminster. Of course, the yell aforesaid comes from Vancouver, where considerable money was lost backing the Tecumsehs against New Westminster, but that does not alter the fact that there are a number of very peevish gentlemen in the British Columbia metropolis, and they are not averse to giving out a few of their impressions for publication. These junketing trips by professional teams always did have a musty smell about them, and this appears to be no exception.

THIS year has seen a great advance in track athletics. Distance runners are cropping up in all sorts of places, and this department of the game bids fair to become a specialty this side of the line, but there is a lurking danger that there are too many cooks in the business, and overproduction may spoil the market for the broth.

The C. A. A. U. held its regular meet, where some very worthy records were sent tumbling, but the Athletic Federation, Unlimited, of Montreal, also pulled off a party of its own. The usual contingent of New York stall-feds drifted up that way on a mug hunting trip, and departed with quite a cluster of alleged Canadian records in their baggage, but that is as far as it goes. The records, such as they are, do not bear the official stamp, and for all practical purposes might never have been made.

It is time something was done. Things are badly messed up as it is, and the end is not yet. If every Tom, Dick and Harry is allowed to run a meet in his back yard and grant "phony" records to the successful athletes, we shall become a laughing stock. There was a time when a Canadian meet was a light lunch for American athletes, but that can never happen at a regularly authorized event, but if it is any satisfaction for the Americans to come over and beat a collection of culls at an outlaw meet, it would seem cruel to deprive them of it.

Editor SATURDAY NIGHT: As autumn advances and the long-distance running fixtures draw near there are many who, in ignorance of the beneficial results to young men who take up this branch of sport, throw up their hands and predict the physical breakdown of all and sundry who aspire to the winning of a Marathon race.

The long-distance game in Toronto is still in its infancy and the people have not yet had a chance to witness the benefits accruing from it. So naturally they follow the precedent established when other places first ventured into the game, and knock.

If these energetic wielders of the hammer would only look up the history of the prominent distance races, there are bright chances of their resignations being forwarded to the director of the anvil chorus.

When the Hamilton Herald announced its intention of holding a road race around the bay, away back in '94, the good citizens of that burg were thunderstruck. The Herald could not have caused more consternation if it had proposed a swimming race from Goat Island to Lewiston. But those same people who were loudest in their condemnation are today willing to admit that Hamilton has had more advertising from the victories of runners developed in the

Herald race than from any other source.

There are many who have dropped out of these races from exhaustion, but we have yet to hear of such a breakdown being permanent. 'Tis true that the original runner of the Marathon distance dropped dead at the end of his journey, but perhaps he was one of the participants in the battle that day, which would account for his being all in at the finish of the run. Even if he had been kept in reserve to carry the message it is safe betting that he had never ran the distance before, while the present-day runner covers the course a number of times and finds out how fast a pace he can stand, and our physical directors tell us that a man will quit before he gets to the permanent breakdown stage. Of course there are some cases where a man uses drugs or stimulants in a race of this kind that often prove serious, but as those men are better out of the game than in it, their collapse should not be used as a warning to clean, healthy youths who are in the game for the benefit they derive from it.

Instead of keeping the Ward race down to its original length of 15 miles the promoters should make the distance 25 miles, or refrain from using the word Marathon in connection with their race. The Herald course is 19 miles, 168 yards, but it is not called a Marathon race. It is certainly burlesquing the game to dub 10 and 15 mile affairs Marathons.

RAIL BIRD.

THE most popular athletic organization in Toronto to-day is, undoubtedly, connected with All Saints' church. If anyone has views to the contrary let them put the matter to a vote, and if the juvenile athletes don't put the Sherbourne street club at the head of the poll then we miss our guess. There's nothing else to it. By promoting a meet for boys last Saturday All Saints' have sure made themselves solid with the coming world beaters.

Rain in the morning and overcast weather in the afternoon did not tend to make the affair a success from a financial standpoint, but those who did brave pneumonia and chills in that breezy grandstand were a unit in declaring that never before was there such a meet. For if the do-or-die spirit was any more in evidence at the games of ancient Greece or Rome than it was at Rosedale last Saturday then the decadence of those nations should be attributed to the many attacks of heart failure that must have occurred among the leading citizens while attending the games. And enthusiasm, it was floating around in chunks, and anyone present that didn't get a helping must have been suffering from acute melancholia.

While every boy that competed did his very best, the performances of H. Duke and C. Harvey, of the Central Y. M. C. A.; J. Watson and A. Scholes, of the West End, and R. Stormont, of the I. C. A. C., were especially good. Duke annexed the all-round championship with wins in the pole vault, broad jump and hurdles, and second place in the shot put. Harvey proved himself a juvenile Kerr by romping away from his field in both the 100 and 220 yard sprints. Watson had enough left to beat Scholes by inches in the mile and the time for this race, 5:18, was remarkable, considering the ankle-deep mud which he boys had to struggle through. R. Stormont, a protégé of Tim O'Rourke, and who, by the way, is built somewhat on the same extensive plan as that estimable Irishman, put it over the other lads in the 8 lb. shot event, with a put of 44 ft. 3 inches.

The 5 mile road race for the Dunlop trophy, which was held in conjunction with the boys' meet, went to the West Enders by a margin of 8 points. Tait, Lawson and Meadows of that club being the first three to finish. Galbraith, Goldsboro, Goulding and Howard, of the Centrals, followed in the order named. And Sellers, West End, was eighth.

A win for Central would have given them permanent possession of the trophy, as they have already won it twice, but they took their defeat like sports and acknowledged the superiority of their opponents.

New York cab rates are to be lowered. One transportation company at least its about to equip its electric and gasoline motor cabs with taxi-

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meters—a device which will show the distance travelled and the time consumed on the trip. The rate will be 10 cents for each six minutes of time while the cab is waiting for the patron and 10 cents for each fifth of a mile (four blocks) while it is running. The increasing use of elec-

tricity, gasoline and other and cheaper motor power than horses should have the effect of cheapening passenger transportation in all cities.

Actress Madge Kendall says of golf that it is a game highly commended by excellent mothers, who

found it made their daughters so tired that when they got home they went straight to bed.

Only the things to eat and drink and wear are high in price. Happiness is at the same old figure.—San Francisco News Letter.

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P. V. MYER, - Proprietress

THE CHINA CASTLE

By ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

USELESS and unashamed, it stands upon my writing-table between the bowl of white roses and the Veiled Dancer of Tanagra, with neither the beauty of the one object nor the gracious mystery of the other to commend it, a true monument of triviality. And still it finds favor in my eyes, and ranks higher in the tale of my possessions than many a completer manifestation of art; though indeed to speak of art and my China Castle in the same breath were an unkindly anomaly, a satire, as it were, upon the naïveté, the sweet unreasonableness, of its existence. I had set forth, I remember, on the strictly utilitarian quest of a salad-bowl, and my mind was vaguely set upon some majestic, and perhaps even somewhat solemn vessel, that should lend new dignity and grace to the ceremonies of summer and spring. It wavered in my mind's eye, now a portly vision of richly vivid Oriental coloring, where strange hues of rose and vermillion glowed beside gleams of emerald and lapis-lazuli; and then again as a white chalice of almost austere purity of contour, with a color scheme of so refined and rarefied a patterning of slim green leaves as to charm by its very reticence. Surely I had in my wanderings seen such a one, but where? The streets, a very pleasant sunlit maze of adventure, lay all about me, a piano-organ in the distance flourished out a gaily inconsequent invitation to the chase, and I stepped forth briskly for those happy hunting-grounds where the dingiest by-ways may be guided with the romance of treasure-trove.

Here and there I quested, often among the most unpromising of merchandise, scanning miscellaneous flotsam and jetsam, all manner of ineffectual derelicts from past and present alike, and still my salad-bowl was to seek. Where indeed could I have seen it? Or was the gracious vision but a mirage of imagination? I was in no wise despondent, for was it not in this selfsame sordid little street with the grubby pavements and the hawkers' booths along the gutter, that I had unearthed aforetime not a few things worthy of honor—a piece, for instance, of Chinese enamel, colored like a jewel, to say nothing of the set of ancient mother-of-pearl "fish" counters, each carved finely with its own separate story?

"Courage, mon ami," I said to myself, "le Diable est mort!" I turned to cross the road towards a certain insignificant low-browed shop behind whose window-panes cheap cutlery, cracked china, and tarnished trinkets were huddled together, cheek by jowl with bottles of striped sweetmeats, dubious-looking oranges, and nuts. The prospect was not over-whelmingly alluring, but I had seen worse, and this was breaking new ground; I had not explored this particular glory-hole before.

And so I entered forthright, and was lost; for on a dingy side-shelf, half submerged beneath a wreath of battered immortelles and a broken fan whose ivory sticks showed more dirt than design, I saw it, my China Castle, and fell into hopeless, unreasoning infatuation for it with all the headlong fondness of love at first sight. That day I shopped no more. Heaven knows I had needed the salad-bearing chalice, but how much more, how incredibly more, I wanted this foolish object—ornament you would scarcely call it—whose rude simplicity even now makes me ashamed! I have sold my reputation as an astute and tasteful buyer of unconsidered trifles, not for a song, but for a whim, which still I cannot find it in my heart to regret. I certainly did not need it, possibly no one on earth in their right senses could, but I wanted it very much indeed.

And now it faces me, with its absurd facade of simulated apricot-tinted brick, flanked by twin drum-towers martially battlemented, and yet overgrown—moving symbol of peace in a warlike spot—with an amazing efflorescence of the strangest many-colored crinkly flowers and foliage that—

either grew
In syke nor ditch, nor yet in any
sleugh,

like the famous "bird," in the ballad. In the very middle of the central structure is a dark red door at the head of some half a dozen stately steps, and above this hermetically closed portal a large round white-faced clock, outlined and figured in gilt, points perpetually the hour of half-past nine. Why half-past nine in particular I have wondered over and over again, but there is a certain fascination about the choice of that point of time and no other. In summer it should be just dark, and if there were a moon, why so much the better; while in winter—but no,

winter is unimaginable anywhere near my clay-built citadel; those grotesquely twining creepers could never be approached by frost. And surely that must be a vine upon the forefront, bearing grapes and odd-looking flowers at once, which straggles up towards the blind casement window on the first tier. Three colossal globes, pyramidally disposed, grace the pediment, surmounting and flanking the moon-faced clock, and these, seen with the eyes of faith, are spheres of rose-colored marble; while about these also clamber those outlandish vines.

The whole structure is, obviously, superlatively useless; it thrusts its inutilty, so to speak, in your face. To be quite dispassionately just, there is perhaps the merest ghost of a chance that the partially hollowed drum-towers may have been once upon a time designed to harbor spills, although even in this faint approximation to even so small a measure of usefulness I prefer to disbelieve. The triumphant appeal of the thing lives in its supreme uselessness.

And the charm of the truly useless, of the absolutely superfluous, is a stronger magic than one is given, in the flush of everyday happenings, to realize. The necessary and useful things of life you take as a matter of course; they must be planned for, taken thought for, they may very possibly have to be fought for. They are part and parcel of the mellow and the dusty journey along the level highway. They leave no room for dreams, or for "such stuff as dreams are made on," while in the green island of the Useless, fair and infertile, may be found a veritable oasis for the fancy, a little Rest-and-be-Thankful for the soul.

The chambers of Mnemosyne are all hung with faded tapestries, and who in wandering there but finds strange, inconsequent threads of brightness that, like snatches of old-remembered airs, touch heart and sense alike to some vague consciousness of joy? Things so small, and perhaps so foolish seeming in themselves, may stand for symbols in some dim, imperfectly perceived fashion, of all manner of glories, undefined, yet none the less golden, of beauty and romance. The baubles so passionately admired in childhood can never quite be despoiled of their ancient spell. Whatever their intrinsic worth or worthlessness may be, the charm is indestructible, and among all the strange things of this strange life remains the thrill that they may still awaken. For myself, I am not ashamed to confess an undying, if half subconscious, allegiance to those same Fikons which childhood found mysteriously fair. Why the spun-glass peacock, the waxen fruits, and nuts of gold and silver that were wont to deck the Christmas-tree boughs should have inspired such splendid imaginings I could never tell, any more than I could define the source of the pleasure I cannot choose but take in the possession of a great broken key, whose massively simple wards fit no door that I have ever seen, or am ever like to see. Utterly inutile, too, is the flexible silver-scaled Persian fish with carbuncle eyes, designed to hold perfumes. It is all a part of the same instinct; the eternal child in us, surviving the passage of time and the onslaught of experience, reaches out after odd playthings, scarcely more appraisable among the commodities of everyday than the toys of that other child who to comfort his sad heart ranged his poor treasures beside his bed.

"A box of counters and a red-veined stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the
teach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle of bluebells."

It is a matter for candid thanks-giving, that we keep some of our toys, that a reflection, however faint, of the trailing clouds of glory that once lay about us still comes and goes in happy, irrelevant glimpses. Granted that we never may re-capture the whole-hearted pleasure of childhood's illusion, we may surely make as merry as we can with what of spontaneity and happy fantastic impulse the fruit of the tree of knowledge and the years have left us. Life is real, life is earnest—then how desirable to stake out a claim in Cloud-Cuckoo-land, to go and dream in just for once in a while. The tiniest of crofts it may be, but how pleasant a retreat is a farm in fairyland, however small! Indeed, I am very far from being sure that even my prosaic little China Castle may not some day prove a haven of romance. I should not be in the least surprised if in some late summer dusk, at half-past nine precisely, *bien entendu*, not a moment before or after, the flowers that crown its ragged ramparts were to glow with color and perfume, and the blind win-

dows with lights. When the heavy door swings open, sounds of music will of course flow through, and down the shallow white stairway who shall come but a fairy Princess—the Fair One with the Golden Locks herself it may be—to take me by the hand and lead me into her beautiful garden where flowers and folk alike never wither nor grow old.—Pall Mall for October.

Automobile Topics

Notes on Matters of Current
Interest to Motorists.

IT is a curious fact, says Machinery of New York, that the automobile is put to its best practical use, not in countries of the highest development, but in corners of the world where one would hardly expect to meet with so recent an indication of the presence of civilized man. The writer goes on to say:

In Madagascar there has been regular freight and passenger traffic over a route over 200 miles long, all since June, 1903. The motor cars use two days to cover the distance mentioned. Even in Tunis has a long-distance motor-car route been established, giving regular service over a line eighty miles long. The use of motor-cars for this purpose is rather limited in this country, although they have been employed to some extent in the newly developed mining regions in the arid southwest, where there is considerable difficulty in the employment of animals, owing to the heat and the lack of water. One of these routes, that connecting the Bull Frog and Goldfield mining districts with the nearest railroad station, adopted a novel scheme for monopolizing the highway built for the purpose. Over the gullies, which had to be bridged, the cars are run on stringers, with suitable guides to prevent them from running off. There is no flooring to these bridges, so that it is impossible for a horse-drawn vehicle to cross.

In the tour from Pekin to Paris, many curious obstacles were encountered by Prince Borghese. A contributor to Motor Age, writes the following description of them:

Going through the Gobi desert the Spyker ran shy of gasoline, and it was necessary for it to lay up until a fresh supply could be secured from Ude. For the third time the Italia was morassed at Urga and then it was no light job getting the car on terra firma once more. Mongolians and oxen extricated it, however, but the next day more trouble of this sort was encountered, and the car was slowly sinking out of sight when it was rescued. That night the tourists camped in the Daturdaba mountains. Then on the 24th the Iro river was encountered and it was a fearful job getting through. Oxen were employed for the task and it was necessary to remove those parts which might be damaged by water. A sand-storm was encountered the next day, which was accompanied by such a tornado that the Italia almost was capsized. In crossing a river on the 26th it was again necessary to drag the car through, the river being so deep the machine was under water most of the way across. However, no damage was done. The Italia created consternation among the natives between Misovsk and Irkutsk, and the villagers thought it was a winged locomotive.

Prince Borghese and his companion had a close call on the 30th. They were on a bridge that broke under the weight of the car and precipitated the machine and its occupants into the water. The current was swift and it took three hours' hard work on the part of the Siberians employed on the job to save the car. The next day the prince was driving the car along the railroad tracks, when a train came along. It was by quick work only that the motorists were able to get the machine out of the sand. Then the prince thought it hardly sportsmanlike to follow the rails this way, and took to the road. More adventures were encountered crossing the Birinsa and Kan rivers, it being necessary to ferry over in boats, which, however, was much easier than pulling the car through the water. Torrential rains were encountered on July 6, and for 143 miles the car travelled through the rain.

Crossing the Tom river the motorists discovered a new method of propulsion. They used a ferry, the motive power for which was furnished by four horses trotting in a circle on the deck, much the same way as a house-mover works. Having escaped floods, morasses, railroad wrecks, and countless other mishaps; the Italia next was threatened by fire. Near Omsk its brake seized, and the overheating set fire to the lubricant. This



Mr. J. C. Williams, late manager Ryrie Bros' Optical Department, will soon open a most complete Optical and Photographic Establishment on Yonge street, Toronto. A factory for the manufacture of high grade lenses of every description will be installed and equipped with the most modern optical machinery.

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communicated to the bodywork of the car and before the flames could be subdued it was necessary to use axes and chop the body. Near Abat-skain the fire fiend again attacked the car, a grass fire making the prince and his companions uncomfortable for some little time.

After his return to London from his first tour of the United States, Matthew Arnold visited old Mrs. Proctor, widow of the poet "Barry Cornwall," who asked him, "And what did they say of you in America?"

"Well," said the literary autocrat, "they said I was conceited, and they said my clothes did not fit me." "Ah," remarked the old lady, "I think they were mistaken as to the clothes."—Bellman.

A young man who had prolonged his call on his sweetheart a few nights ago, was surprised when a window in an upper story was raised as he left the house, and the voice of the mistress called out: "Leave an extra quart this morning, please?"—Argonaut.



TORONTO SATURDAY NIGHT.

JOSEPH T. CLARK, Editor.

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!?! POINTS ABOUT PEOPLE !?!

Who is Rockefeller's Boy?

DR. BEATTIE NESBITT made a speech at Gravenhurst this week, and in it used some remarks indicating a belief on his part that within the Whitney Cabinet influences were at work to render futile the cheap power policy of Hon. Adam Beck. Mr. Whitney, he says, is sound on the power question and truly anxious to give the province the best Government it ever has had. But he believes that "Rockefeller's boy" is at work to frustrate the Beck policy.

The newspapers took it for granted that the reference was to Hon. W. J. Hanna—who was out of town this week endearing himself to the common people by getting his pocket picked at a country fair. Mr. Hanna is a lawyer by profession, and it is said that before entering politics and joining the Whitney Cabinet he was in receipt of a fixed sum per annum as counsel representing the Ontario interests of the Standard Oil Company, and it is reported that he still retains that connection. Whether such is the case or not I do not know, but rumor tells it that way, and so when Dr. Nesbitt spoke of "Rockefeller's boy," people jumped to the conclusion that he was offering defiance to Mr. Hanna. But the Doctor now explains that he merely used the phrase "Rockefeller's boy" to represent the man who hovers near the Premier putting in a word for the corporations.

Dr. Nesbitt looks like a man who wants to climb back into the arena. As president of a manufacturing concern in the town of Gravenhurst he claims the right to speak as a manufacturer. He admits that as Registrar of West Toronto he holds a sinecure that yields him \$9,000 a year, and the system, he has confessed to a reporter, should be entirely re-arranged in the interests of the public. The first re-arrangement that seems imminent is the removal of Dr. Nesbitt from his office. But this seems to be about what the Doctor is counting on, for a sensational re-entry into politics.

Canon Welch Talks to the Point.

PROBABLY no body of men could have been more surprised than were the Ancient and Honorable Artillery Company of Massachusetts, when they heard the kind of sermon that Canon Welch had prepared for their hearing, and that of the local garrison last Sunday. The organization is a sort of combination of a social club, a fraternal organization and a military body. Its intentions are frankly convivial, and when it goes upon the warpath the sound of the popping of corks rather than the boom of cannon is heard in the land. To some of these seasoned club men, after a long journey and a long march in the rain it was a harrowing idea to be warned against the lust for drink when they got into Massey Hall. The appearance the day after seemed to indicate that Canon Welch had failed to divert the minds of the Bostonians from the main intent of their excursion. The rector of St. James', however, is a man who believes in salting his bird when he catches it, and having strong views on the liquor traffic he chose an opportunity to express them to an audience that was least likely to agree with him. In that way he scored ahead of the average gentleman who preaches a temperance sermon, and who almost invariably addresses an audience already convinced along the same lines as himself. The canon is a man of fearless methods. The fraternal organization, when it goes to church, hears from the average preacher an exhortation on the beauties of brotherly love, and the military organization an abstract discourse on the duties of Christian soldiery. Canon Welch goes at what he deems a social abuse hammer and tongs, to the men he thinks should hear what he has to say. Still fresh in the minds of many are the circumstances under which he chose to attack the race meetings at the Woodbine. The most august member

of the congregation that morning was Earl Grey, who had come to Toronto for the express purpose of opening the O.J.C. meeting, which had begun on the previous day. His parishioners were breathless when he attacked the whole business of racing, and proclaimed the responsibility of those who participated in it. Perhaps it would have discouraged the canon had he been privileged to see on the lawn at the Woodbine next day the majority of his congregation. But it is obvious that he has all the spirit of a Savonarola.

Story of a Faithful Servant.

A PROMINENT surgeon has for many years had an Irish coachman, who has driven him about in rain and sunshine with a cheerful and unflagging loyalty. This loyalty was recently demonstrated in an amusing but rather inconvenient way. One night the doctor came in after midnight from a long and tedious operation, and, expecting to be called again before morning, he took off his coat and waistcoat and lay down in his surgery. Presently he fell into a doze and had a sensation that some one was moving about the house. He assumed, however, that it was one of his sons who had come in late, and tired out as he was fell into a deep sleep, from which he was only aroused after eight o'clock in the morning by members of his family, who rushed in to tell him that the house had been ransacked by burglars. His own coat and waistcoat had vanished also. He recalled the fact of the noises he had heard, and going out to the stable he was greeted by Dennis with the information that he had found the missing coat on the lawn when he got up at five o'clock to look after the horses.

"Why in thunder didn't you come in and tell someone?" asked his employer.

"Sure doctor," said Dennis, with a wink, "Oi didn't want to give ye away. Every man likes a little lark!"

His assumption was that the doctor had come home three sheets in the wind, and started to undress on the lawn.

Mr. Whitney's Way of Doing Business.

MR. WILLIAM WAINWRIGHT, the fourth vice-president of the Grand Trunk Railway System, who has for more than a generation had charge of the political operations of that railway, paid Premier Whitney a compliment in the course of conversation the other day. He was talking about the different ways in which different men do business.

"The best politician I ever had relations with," he said, "was the late Honore Mercier. When he was Premier of Quebec he used to study out all the railway problems which were likely to come before him, and was always ready to give an answer just as soon as the application was placed before him—sometimes, indeed, even sooner. If he had made up his mind on a subject he would say: 'Unless you have some new facts to give me, I am afraid I must refuse you.' Then I would go on and recite my case. If he could see any new argument in it, he might change his mind, but it was seldom. He never shilly-shallied over a question."

"Now Premier Whitney of Ontario is just the same sort of man. It is a pleasure to do business with him. You go into his office and he will say: 'Well, what can I do for you to-day?' I will tell him perhaps one thing and he will say, 'Anything else?' We may as well clear up the whole business at once.' Then when he has the whole programme before him he will press his buttons, will summon all of his ministers who are interested, and until we get through he will not allow any other matter to interfere with him. If he is interrupted by an application to consider any other question he will reply: 'Not now. This is Grand Trunk day, and we must clear up all their business before we do anything else.' The result is that when I go up to Queen's Park I know I am going to do business on a business basis, and it's done within a day. How different from some other politicians!"

A Man of Influence.

A SINGULAR tribute to the abilities and good qualities of Mr. C. Arthur Dansereau, chief editor of La Presse, was paid that gentleman in Montreal on Tuesday evening when he was tendered a complimentary banquet at the Canada Club. The affair marked the fortieth year of Mr. Dansereau's service in journalism, and it was originally intended that the dinner should be given by his fellow workers on the press, but when word of it got abroad, so many public men urged their desire to join in, that the scope of the dinner was broadened, and about one hundred and fifty guests surrounded the tables. In every way this dinner proved the stronghold Mr. Dansereau has secured on public opinion in Montreal, and goes some way in explaining the grip La Presse has had on popularity for many years. Mr. Dansereau is one of the ablest, kindest and most just of men. He was the great friend and counsellor of Chapleau, as he is now the close personal friend of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Among those present at the dinner were Premier Gouin, Hon. Jacques Bureau, Hon. W. A. Weir, Senator David, Hon. J. L. Tarte, Sir Alexander Lacoste and many of Montreal's leading citizens. Mr. B. A. Macnab, of The Star, presided, and with others voiced the general appreciation of Mr. Dansereau's merits as a journalist and a citizen.

This is a Sure Sign.

OLD politicians never fail to recall with pleasure the personality of Mr. Archie McCallum, who for several years has been buried away in New Ontario as District Judge for Manitoulin and the North Shore. A member of The Globe staff, and later a legal practitioner at the town of Paisley in Bruce county, he was a familiar figure throughout Ontario as a stump speaker for the Liberal party. He could talk either in English or Gaelic with a fluency of denunciation that delighted his listeners in the back townships, and had a happy twist, peculiar to Bruce county men in expressing himself. One of the most characteristic stories of him is as follows: It was in the bitter campaign of 1896 when Archie travelled far and wide in the cause of Laurier. He had been sent from headquarters to address a hamlet near a flag station on the C.P.R. It was not a regular stop, and the orator expected to run past it eight miles and then drive

over. He had progressed a considerable way upon his journey when the conductor came through the train asking for Mr. McCallum.

"I am he," said Archie.

"I have telegraphic orders to stop the train at Smith's Corners and let you off," said the conductor.

The volatile Archie fairly jumped in the air with delight, and then almost collapsed.

"Ma gowd! are we as near power as that?" he gasped.

She Gave Him one Back.

LAST week there was related in this column a little joke on a lady who got the wrong number on the telephone, and had to stand some chaffing from a practical joker.

Here's another little tale of a joke on the joker. A clever young man in a downtown office, who prided himself on his ready wit, answered the phone, and when asked if that was "So and So's shop," replied as he had often done before: "No, Miss, this is the morgue."

"The girl at the other end of the wire came back at him like a flash.

"Yes, I thought you were a dead one."

The young man tried no more smart sayings for a week.

Confused the Doctor and Patient.

IN the corridors of Osgoode Hall they are telling a rather good joke on Dr. Beemer, who is at the head of Mimico Asylum. Recently there was a motion made in court for the release of a man named Gibson from the Asylum, on the ground that he was not insane. Gibson was produced in court during the argument, and Dr. Beemer and couple of guards accompanied him. At the conclusion of the hearing a newspaper man asked the registrar of the court if he thought the man was really crazy.

"He certainly is," said the official. "I watched him closely all the time, and I'm sure he's insane."

Then he went into detail, describing certain actions of the man he thought insane. A suspicion arose in the mind of the scribe. "Which man did you think was Gibson?" he asked.

"Why, the chap that sat there," replied the registrar, pointing out a seat.

The newspaper man laughed. "Dr. Beemer sat there," said he. This only goes to show how incompetent a man is to judge of the sanity of another. There are cases recorded wherein an expert, to get a joke on another, has palmed himself off as an asylum patient, and has been judged "dangerous."

Not a Sparrow Falseth.

AN amusing incident occurred in one of the city churches Sunday morning, says the Brantford Courier. In some manner an English sparrow got into the edifice. It flitted about here and there, over the heads of the congregation and the singers in the choir gallery, causing considerable dodging and amusement. Just as the first hymn was drawing to a close it lit on the head of one of the male members of the choir, who captured the songster and liberated it through a window. The choir a few minutes later rendered an anthem, beginning "Not a sparrow falseth," and a broad smile passed over the audience and caused not a few audible titters. The anthem certainly proved quite appropriate.

Mr. Gurney is Not Easily Scared.

PERHAPS, of Mr. Edward Gurney's passing remark about a tariff as high as Haman's gallows had not been a scriptural allusion it would not have fascinated a certain morning newspaper in the manner in which it did, nor gained so wide a publicity. Mr. Gurney, however, is a type of man unlikely to be worried by any criticisms that have been raised, for he is noted for his emphatic utterances.

Nearly ten years ago he, in company with Dr. James Mills, now of the Dominion Railway Commission, opened the fight in the Methodist Conference for the suspension of the addenda to Wesley's rules which makes theatre-going, card-playing and attending race meetings sins. John Wesley himself made no such proviso, but it was a dogma added by General Conference some decades after his death. Few who saw the scenes will forget the storm of disapprobation which greeted Mr. Gurney when he rose before the General Conference of Canada, assembled in the Metropolitan Church, and demanded the privilege of going himself and taking his family to see clean plays. If they chose to condemn him, he informed his fellow delegates, he would find some other church that would take him in. This seemed like heresy to many hearers, especially those from outlying districts, and pandemonium ensued, quelled only by the authority of the patriarchal Dr. Carman. Mr. Gurney is still an earnest member of the Methodist body, though his purpose was defeated. That his ideas have been accepted by general consent is apparent in the number of devout and prominent members of his denomination to be seen at such charming productions, for instance, as that of Miss Maude Adams in "Peter Pan."

It is now about nine years since George Bernard Shaw married Charlotte Frances Payne-Townsend, a wealthy woman a few years younger than himself. The London papers got a good deal of "copy" out of the incident. The misogynist had become a benedict! The socialist would soon be a conservative! For nothing is so disturbing to the socialist viewpoint, they argued, as the acquisition of a bank account—whether by marriage or some other form of servitude. But the years have passed on, and though Mr. Shaw has accumulated a bank account, he is as much of a socialist as ever. Mrs. Shaw is one of the busiest women in London. But hers is not the sort of work that brings her much in the public eye. Publicity of any kind she avoids with something like terror, possibly believing that her husband has achieved enough for the entire family. Interviewers she positively will not see.

The Emperor of Japan some time ago bestowed upon Premier Stolypin of Russia the Order of the Sun of Paulownia. And now the Czar has given him permission to wear it. This is the first time since the late war that the Czar has granted such a request.

A Who's Who Out West

FEW of the men who bulk large in the public eye out West are native to its plains. A new generation, it is true, is growing up who know the prairie as a childhood home. At present, however, those who sit in the high places and occupy the seats of the mighty are the men who dared to adventure ten, twenty or thirty years ago, and pioneer in what was then superlatively a new country. To this class belongs Hon. George Hedley Vickers Bulyea, Lieutenant-Governor of Alberta, who left a New Brunswick home in 1882 and took up his residence, after a short stay in Manitoba, at Qu'Appelle, Saskatchewan.

Mr. Bulyea's name has been a puzzle to many. All it intimates is that he is probably not English. His dark square face suggests that he might be French, but he is not.

Mr. Bulyea is of Dutch descent and of United Empire Loyalist stock. Born at Gagetown, New Brunswick, February 17, 1859, he is in his forty-ninth year, and should have a long career of public usefulness yet before him.

After a brilliant course in the University of New Brunswick, from which he graduated in 1878, he taught St. Mary's grammar school until 1882. This position he gave up to go West. At Qu'Appelle he settled and went into commercial life. He conducted a furniture and flour and feed business until other pressing demands on his time caused its relinquishment in 1898.

While building up his material fortune he was also at work for the state. In 1894 he was elected to the Northwest Council, where he did good work. Early in 1898 his ability received proper recognition when he was appointed to the important office of administrator of Territorial affairs in Yukon. This position he held until September, when he returned to Regina and was elected again at the Territorial elections. His appointment as Minister of Agriculture followed. On February 4, 1903, he became Minister of Public Works, broadening his experience in public affairs and finding greater scope for his executive ability.

An administrator of safe and conservative temperament his career in these official positions was eminently satisfactory to the country at large. When Alberta became a province he became her first governor. He received the appointment on September 1, 1905, and since that date he has filled the position with tact and dignity. The West, not impressed by garish display, has recognized in him a gentleman of probity and strength of character, and he commands universal respect.

Mr. Bulyea in 1885 married Miss Annie Blanche Babbitt, second daughter of the late R. T. Babbitt, registrar Queen's county, New Brunswick. Mrs. Bulyea maintains the dignity of Government House in a charming manner. Without excessive formality she leads the society of the capital unostentatiously, but skillfully.

When at Regina the urbane legislator and his wife were in the habit of inviting in for an evening parties of students from the normal school. On these occasions Mr. Bulyea would, they say, waylay one of his guests and hold him up for a game of checkers, of which he was fond. At Edmonton, where everyone has good horses, the governor likes to leave his coachman at home and drive his own team. In the summer, with his wife, he takes up residence in his beautiful home at Peachlands, B.C. Here in the fruit district he invariably remembers his personal friends east of the Rockies with the first fruits of the season. Governor Bulyea is loved and respected throughout Alberta, and undoubtedly will continue to grow in favor as the years go by.

Princess Elizabeth of Liechtenstein, who owns no less than thirty-one motor cars, is certainly the most enthusiastic motorist of all the imperial women in Europe. Princess Elizabeth is the younger daughter of the Archduchess Marie Therese and niece of the emperor. Her wonderful interest in motors is the more unusual as the Austrian imperial family have not yet greatly taken to the new means of locomotion. Her husband, Prince Alois Liechtenstein, is a man of studious habits, almost, in fact, a bookworm. They have a country home near Stuhlfeld, B.C. Here in the fruit district he invariably remembers his personal friends east of the Rockies with the first fruits of the season. Governor Bulyea is loved and respected throughout Alberta, and undoubtedly will continue to grow in favor as the years go by.

Says the New York Times: Just to show they bore no grudge, the descendants of the combatants of the battle of Lundy's Lane, on Monday, met in friendship and mutual esteem. There was no particular reason why the Canadians should not have been there, for they were the victors. Three thousand of the British, under Sir George Drummond, repulsed five thousand Americans, who retired unbeaten, but not victorious. All such minor incidents are merged in the final result, and even the descendants of Capt. Hull and the men of the Ninth United States Infantry shared in the hospitalities of the Lundy's Lane Historical Society, while they dedicated a monument to their ancestors on the spot where they fell. It was worth doing for its own sake, and for the sake of possible benefits upon future relations, as well as for burial of the past. There are some unsettled outstanding between Canada and the United States, and within a few days the Premier of the Dominion has expressed his dissatisfaction with the management of Canada's business by the Mother Country, and an intention to take it into his own hands. We hope he will share the spirit manifested on this ancient battlefield, and that he will be met by the same oblivion of all past grudges as was shown by Capt. Hull's descendants.



Lieut.-Col. Bulyea.



POINTS ABOUT PREACHERS - - -

BY ONE OF THEM.

THE very interesting stories about prominent men which have recently appeared in SATURDAY NIGHT, have referred largely to politicians and others who loom large in the public eye. Why not give some attention to the clergy? Certainly there is no class of men who enjoy a good story more than the preachers, even though it happens occasionally to be at their own expense. Get a company of parsons together, and if there is no serious business on hand you can depend on hearing some excellent yarns, drawn from personal experience. Here are a few which have the double merit of being true and tolerably new. At any rate they have not been retailed a dozen times in the newspapers.

FEW weeks ago a man dropped in to the study of Rev. Ebenezer Lancelley, of London, Ont., to get his opinion concerning some fads and fancies that were bothering him. After a little introductory conversation the visitor said: "Mr. Lancelley, don't you think that Christian Science and Spiritualism are twin sisters?" "No," instantly replied the witty divine, "but I am quite sure that they are sin twisters."

MR. LANCELEY'S brother, the late Rev. John E. Lancelley, was exceedingly bright in repartee, and was seldom at a loss for an appropriate reply. At a session of the Toronto Conference a few years ago a matter was brought up, but as the time of adjournment had about arrived it was referred without discussion to one of the standing committee of the Conference. When the brethren came together again one man protested very vigorously at the summary manner in which the question had been disposed of. "Why," said he, "the Conference simply sat upon the whole thing." "No," said Mr. Lancelley, "the Conference did no such thing. On the contrary we referred the subject to a Standing Committee."

ANOTHER Conference incident in which Mr. Lancelley figured is worth telling: A member arose and, addressing the chair, announced that he had lost his hat, asking the brethren to assist in finding it. Rev. R. N. Burns gravely moved that "it be laid on the table." The laugh at this little sally had scarcely subsided when Mr. Lancelley sprang to his feet and said, "I move, as an amendment, that it be brought to a head." The records of the Conference do not show which of those motions carried.

AT a recent meeting of the Union Committee a supper was given to the members by the trustees of the Metropolitan Church, at which questions of doctrine and denominational polity were laid aside for the time and speeches in a lighter vein were indulged in.

Rev. Hugh Pedley, pastor of Immanuel Congregational Church, Montreal, made a very happy address, during which he told a couple of good stories drawing upon his own experience. Some years ago he said that he had preached in a little church about six or seven miles from Cobourg, and had done his very best to give the people a good sermon. At the close an elderly man offered prayer, in which he referred specially to the preacher of the evening. "O Lord," he petitioned, "bless our brother who has spoken to us, give him great success in his work, strengthen him in body, be with him in his home, and O Lord, brighten his intellect." The latter part of his prayer has evidently been answered, for Mr. Pedley is one of the keenest and brightest men in the Canadian pulpit to-day.

AFTER having returned from a trip to Europe Mr. Pedley said he had been asked to deliver a lecture on his experiences abroad. With some hesitation he consented to do so, announcing the subject as "Three Tramps on a Trip." His idea was to take with him on the journey an imaginary Scotchman, and an imaginary Irishman, thus providing a little variety. On the last occasion of the delivery of this lecture in a Manitoba village the preacher who opened the meeting offered this prayer: "O Lord bless the unfortunate class of men of whom we are to hear to-night, and in some way bring them to a better way of living."

THERE is probably no better story teller in Canada than the Rev. A. L. Geggie, the popular pastor of the Parkdale Presbyterian Church. His rich Scotch accent and his bubbling humor make him a most interesting man on the lecture platform or in conversation. In a recent address in Parkdale he told of an unsuccessful attempt to make an impression upon a drunken man in a street car. Speaking to a friend with whom he was sitting, and talking sufficiently loud for the man with "the jag" to hear, he told of an acquaintance who had just recovered from a very serious illness. "There was just one thing that pulled him through," declared the preacher, "the fact that he was a total abstainer. If he had been a whisky drinker, like some men I know, nothing could have saved him!"

The bibulous individual was quite equal to the occasion, for, speaking out so that the whole car could hear, he said: "Mr. Geggie, look here. If that fellow had been a drinking man like some other men you know he never would have been sick at all." It is unnecessary to say that the parson did not have anything more to say on the temperance question, for that time at least.

REV. DR. SUTHERLAND, Missionary Secretary of the Methodist Church, is one of the readiest speakers in the country, and has a witty answer on the end of his tongue for every possible occasion. Some time ago a number of improvements were made in the Mission rooms in the Wesley building, which included new paper on the walls. After everything had been brightened up, Dr. Briggs, the landlord, came in to see if the work had been satisfactorily done. "Why," said he, "that certainly is a great improvement. I think I shall have to increase your rent now that this papering has been done." "Yes," replied Dr. Sutherland, "that would be according to Scripture. When the new is put upon the old the rent is made worse."

REV. DR. NELLES, for many years President of Victoria College, was the king of punsters, and frequently got off some very good things, usually in the most impromptu manner.

One afternoon in the town of Cobourg he was walking down town in company with Dr. Powell, leader of the church choir, whom he had urgently invited to come up to the college on the following week and give a programme of music. Dr. Powell begged off, pleading that

the choir was out of practice and could not do itself justice. The genial president would not, however, take "no" for an answer, but insisted that the choir should come. The leader still demurred, and they wrangled about the matter in a friendly way for some time, until the musician began to yield a little. Just then a large rat ran out from an old house and scurried across the sidewalk immediately in front of the two men. Dr. Nelles turned to Dr. Powell and exclaimed: "Doctor, this arrangement between us is *ratified*!" The choir was on hand at the appointed time.

MOST preachers rather like to hear appreciative remarks concerning their sermons, but occasionally they receive compliments of a rather doubtful nature.

A country minister in the vicinity of Hamilton some time ago made a visit of a couple of months to England, and during his absence his pulpit was supplied by theological students from Toronto. Upon the dominie's return he made some enquiries as to how things had gone while he was over the sea.

An old farmer expressed his dissatisfaction with the supplies very strongly as he welcomed his pastor back: "We're awful glad to see you home, Brother Jones," said he. "While you were away we had a lot of them students from the college preachin' to us, and they came along with their grammar, and their science and philosophy. We didn't like 'em at all. Now Brother Jones we like to have you with us. *There aint no grammar in your preachin'.*"

ONE of the most embarrassing positions in which a preacher can be placed is to make some verbal slip of which he is entirely unconscious, but which causes merriment in the congregation. The present pastor of the Metropolitan church was occupying the pulpit of a Brantford church some years ago, and announced the hymn, which begins with the words:

"As round about Jerusalem

The hilly bulwarks rise."

By some inexplorable "lapsus linguae," he read:

"As round about Jerusalem

The hilly bullwarks rise."

Noticing some broad smiles in the congregation he concluded that he had made some mistake, and therefore read the lines over again, but, unfortunately, in exactly the same way, which did not help to restore the gravity of the people by any means.

IT happened that the annual session of the Hamilton Methodist Conference assembled a few years ago just at the time when the news of the fall of Pretoria had arrived, and everybody was rejoicing over the success of the British arms, and even the preachers caught the contagion. When the ballots for the election for president were being called out by Rev. Dr. Hazlewood, now of Toronto Junction, one was found marked, "Bohs." Dr. Hazlewood immediately exclaimed: "He isn't running, it's Kruger!"

AT another Conference meeting Rev. James Livingstone, of London, desired to speak on a certain subject, but could not gain recognition from the president. At last he succeeded in gaining the floor and began by saying: "I have been trying for the last hour to catch the president's eye, but he seems to have deliberately looked in the other direction." One of the older ministers immediately exclaimed: "He turneth away his eye from beholding vanity." It is not surprising that Mr. Livingstone's speech was not as impressive as usual.

A FEW summers ago Rev. Dr. McIntyre, the eloquent preacher and lecturer, at that time of Chicago, delivered a lecture at Grimsby Park on "The Mammoth Cave," in which he made reference to the Wyandotte Cave, the Green Cave, the Luray Caverns, etc. At the close Rev. Dr. Griffin rose to move a vote of thanks to the speaker of the evening. After some complimentary remarks he went on to say that what Dr. McIntyre had told them that evening confirmed him in an opinion which he had long held concerning the United States, that the whole country was hollow.

There is probably no preacher in Canada more full of bubbling wit and humor than Dr. Griffin. He is never at a loss for a witty reply, and no meeting could possibly be dull which enjoys his genial presence.

To our own age belongs the credit of having raised hurry from the degraded position of a disease to that of a commercial process, says Life. Formerly hurry simply brought people to an early grave, with nothing to show for it, whereas now it is become the means of transforming peace of mind, which is a solecism, to say the best of it, into ready money. Hurry has grown to be a great fact in life. Even the fashions take account of it, until women are found doing up their hair in such a way that they may go the speed limit without fear of its coming down. And the best of hurry is that it is its own sufficient justification. Nobody expects hurry to have any particular reason behind it, any more.

Count Witte is in the Pyrenees seeking health. His duties in the Czar's service and his tremendous responsibilities have wrecked him physically. It is greatly to his credit that he is still a poor man, though unlimited possibilities of wealth were in his grasp. Now what means he had are gone, and he must find something to do to make a living. Already some positions have been offered to him by persons who know his present straits. He has definitely resolved to abandon all connection, direct or indirect, with political affairs. He will no longer serve even as a member of the council of the empire. He finds no place suited to him in the present Russian political system, being out of sympathy with the aims and methods of the autocracy as well as revolutionary parties.

The article by Mr. C. Frederick Hamilton to The National Review, respecting Canadian prejudice against certain types of Englishmen, and regarding which there has been much comment in the English press, ends with this piece of advice to Englishmen starting off for Canada: "Canadian opinion is intensely suspicious of the cloth cap, of knickerbockers, and, above all, of leggings. Wear, I beseech you, a semi-circular hard or narrow-brimmed soft felt hat and trousers, and a good half of your initiation troubles will be saved."

Fifty-five years ago a youth entered the Western Union Telegraph Company's office at Joliet, Illinois, and offered to work six months as a messenger without pay if he were allowed to learn telegraphy. At the end of that time he was an expert operator and was given an office. This was Colonel Clowry, president of the company.

Hindu School Life.

From the New York Sun.

THE world doesn't hear so much of the Vale of Cashmere "with its roses the brightest that earth ever gave" since Tom Moore went out of fashion and Queen Victoria ceased giving shawls to ladies she wished to favor, but Cashmere, or Kashmir as the geographers will have it now, has kept on growing its roses and its wool and turning out its artistic leather work and blades and is striving to keep up with the march of progress. It reads The Sun. From Srinagar Headmaster Balwant Singh, M.A., B.T., sends us the annual report of the State High School, with the programme of the prize distribution last month.

The exercises at this Himalayan high school festival are interesting. The programme, for Kashmir is untainted by spelling reform, was as follows:

1. Recitation in English, Sanskrit and Urdu.
2. Reading of an Urdu Poem.
3. Reading of Annual Report by the Headmaster.
4. Prize Distribution.
5. Whistle Drill.
6. Acting a portion from Shakespeare's "Richard II."
7. Cheers for His Highness the Maharajah Sahib Bahadur.

It also comprised, with the list of characters in the play, a brief summary of the plot and an extract from J. R. Green's "History" on Richard II.

From the report we gather that the Srinagar State High School is attended by about 650 boys, half of them in the primary department, and that of these fifty-eight are Mohammedans, the rest being classified as Hindus. The teaching staff numbers twenty-seven. Besides English and Urdu the boys are taught Persian, Arabic and Sanskrit. From the State the school received 12,864 rupees, and from fees and other sources 470 rupees, and it lived well within its income. Scholarships of the value of 1,260 rupees in all are awarded.

Curious glimpses of Hindu school life can be had now and then. The school is now in six bungalows, and the headmaster asks for one building with a large hall. He needs a strong iron fence, too, for "it happens sometimes that lazar boys trespass on the school premises on holidays and break the window panes by throwing stones at them." His call for desks is urgent. With 800 boys reading in the school there are only fifty double desks, the Government should "provide us with at least 200 dual desks."

Mr. Balwant Singh's remarks on various points of education show unusual good sense. He objects to the teaching of science without laboratory work. "Such teaching might produce glib talkers, but never those specialists who are the pride of the American and German universities." Further: "The tone of this school has not been all that could be desired. This suggests that the teaching of civics should be introduced." At the other end of the scholastic scale is object teaching. This, he says, should be made interesting to the child: "Kashmir is famous for its fruit gardens. I would suggest the teaching of gardening instead of lessons on stray subjects." He does not want a kindergarten in his school unless it is of the right kind. His warning that the "subjects may be taught for their own sake and the kindergarten may degenerate into dull and lifeless routine" might be heeded nearer home.

It is pleasant to note that in far away Srinagar, at the gates of Tibet, an intelligent schoolmaster is watching what is being done in the schools of other countries, and trying to apply to his young Hindus the good he finds in them.

Goldwin Smith's Point of View.

From The North American Review.

IT should be kept in mind that the standpoint of Goldwin Smith is that of a Liberal of the old school as yet unconverted to state socialism, who still looks for further improvement, not to increased governmental interference, but to individual effort, free association and the same agencies, moral, intellectual and economic, which have brought us thus far, and one of which, science, is now operating with immensely augmented power. In a word, Goldwin Smith accounts it the function of government to protect these agencies, not to supersede them. Obviously a writer of this school can have no panacea or nostrum to offer, and when a nostrum or panacea is offered he will necessarily be found rather on the critical than on the effusive side. He will look for advancement, not for regeneration; expect improvement still to be, as it has been, gradual, and hope much from steady, calm and harmonious effort, little from violence or revolution.

Not that he lacks deep and fervent sympathy with the effort of reformers to relieve the mass of workingmen from social and political disabilities. No man with a brain and a heart, he says, can fail to be penetrated with a sense of the unequal distribution of wealth or to be willing to try any experiment which may hold out a reasonable hope of putting an end to poverty. By the success of such an experiment the happiness of the rich, of such at least of them as are good men, would be increased far more than their riches would be diminished. Only the nihilist, however, would desire blindly to plunge society into chaos. Goldwin Smith sees that it is plainly beyond man's power to alter the fundamental conditions



DOING VENICE.

Fair American (hearing musicians singing airs from "Il Trovatore"):—"Say! These Italians ain't vurry original. Guess I've heard that tune on our street organs in New York ever since I was a gurl."—Punch.

of his being. "There are inequalities, greater even than those of wealth, which are fixed not by human lawgivers but by nature, such as those of health, strength, intellectual power and length of life, and these draw other inequalities with them. Justice is human. Where inequality is the fiat, not of man but of a power above man, it is idle for any practical purpose to assail it as injustice."

No doubt the difference between a good and a bad workman is, partly at least, the act of nature, but to give the same wages to the good workman and the bad, as communists propose, while it might be just from some super-human point of view, would yet from the only point of view which mankind can practically attain be pronounced by Goldwin Smith unjust. While the limits, however, of human progress are thus clearly perceived, Goldwin Smith is no pessimist. On the whole his view of man's future is sanguine. He keeps in view the fact that steady industry, aided by the ever-growing powers of practical science, is rapidly augmenting wealth. He can discern no cause for doubting that thrift and increased facilities for saving and for the employment of small capital will promote the equality of distribution. "Let governments see," he says, "that labor is allowed to enjoy its full earnings, untaxed by war, waste or iniquitous tariffs. The best of all taxes, 't has been truly averred, is the smallest. With equal truth it may be said that the best of all governments is that which has least occasion to govern."

Of recent years Goldwin Smith has evinced now and then an inclination to turn his attention from political, social and economic inquiries to the haunting problems concerning a future life and man's relation to the cosmos. Some of his thoughts upon this subject have been set forth in "Rational Religion and Rationalistic Objections" and in "Guesses at the Riddle of Existence." His point of view is that of one who recalls tenderly and gratefully the beauty and the nobility with which faith in elevating and benign religions has dignified and embellished human nature. Of such blessings he would hold fast to as much as is compatible with a paramount reverence for truth.

The Rage for Names.

A CHICAGO gentleman, prosperously engaged in a small heating and ventilating trade, felt antiquated and lonesome. So he organized himself into two corporations with imposing titles, issued to himself large amounts of stock, unanimately elected his stenographer secretary and director, bought some new letterheads, and settled down to do business in sociable accordance with modern fashion.

Occasionally, as president and chairman of the board, he held a meeting of himself as stockholders, gravely proposed a loan or an extra dividend, which was voted without opposition. He solemnly made contracts between himself as one corporation and himself as another, and, in idle moments, thoughtfully watered his own stock, which he sold to himself at par in consideration of his own good will.

An unfortunate stringency in the money market intervening, four lawyers and a judge have spent two weeks trying to trace out the complicated relation of corporations A and B with each other and with the stockholder, president and chairman of each and of both. There was never at any stage of the proceedings anything except J. Smith, modestly engaged in the heating and ventilating trade; but whether Smith as chairman is indictable for deceitful practices upon Smith as stockholder is a nice legal question.

Everybody does it nowadays. Why be plain Hiram Jones when, for a small fee, you may be the Universal Development and Construction Corporation? That Consolidated Horn-of-Plenty Gold, Silver and Copper Mining Company, capital, one hundred million dollars, is really only a little Henry Piker in baggy trousers and a celluloid collar, at a hired desk which contains nothing related to actual business except a dun from his landlady. Probably the old-clothes man at the back door is the Great Eastern Sponging, Pressing and General Resuscitating Company when he gets to his shed next the livery stable.

Sovereign States charge all the way from two dollars up for this glorious nomenclature under the great seal.—Saturday Evening Post.

A betrothal that is being much discussed abroad is that of Prince George of Greece to Princess Marie Bonaparte. Prince George, who is a younger son, is one of the handsomest and certainly the tallest of the princes of the royal houses of Europe, as he stands over six feet three in his stockinged feet, is broad in proportion, and can bend a bar of iron with as much ease as most people can bend a whalebone. Princess Marie Bonaparte is in her twenty-sixth year. Her grandfather, Prince Pierre Bonaparte, was the husband of a lady who before her marriage exercised the humble calling of a washerwoman. Their only son, Prince Roland, in his turn, married Mlle. Blanc, daughter and heiress of M. Blanc, of Monte Carlo fame. Hence the huge dot which enables his daughter to ally herself with a scion of one of the reigning houses of Europe. Before his marriage to Mlle. Blanc, Prince Roland knew the pinch of poverty, as the fall of the Second Empire left his family practically destitute. But he managed not only to live on his pay as a lieutenant, with the help of his pen, but supported his widowed mother and young sister as well—a creditable performance which very few royal personages could achieve.

A curious feature of the race troubles on the Pacific Coast is the fact that developments there are being watched with extreme interest in the Far East, where a similar conditions prevail. A Japanese law forbids all foreigners working in Japan as laborers outside of the narrow residential settlements. A number of Chinese laborers have recently been imported into Japan by contractors working on the Government railways in contravention to this law, and the Japanese authorities may be placed in the position of defendants in a race problem similar to that in this country.

The Honorable A. C. Parsons, the inventor and promoter of the turbine engine, is a member of the Irish family after whom Parsonstown was named, although its former name, Birr, is most commonly used.

About the only one of the Russian grand dukes with whom one can feel real sympathy, the studious Grand Duke Constantine, has just been declared insane. He translated the whole of Shakespeare's works into Russian, and some eight years ago created a great sensation by himself playing the part of Hamlet.

The estate of the late David Campbell, of Brantford, amounting to \$191,744, was divided among the heirs the other day. The heirs unanimously voted thanks and \$7,000 to Mr. W. C. Boddy, manager of the Standard Bank, for his services as sole executor.

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in new repertoire of songs and readings.
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MR. HENRY LAUTZ, Accompanist.
RESERVED SEATS 50c. 75c.
Plan opens at Nordheimer's Monday, Oct. 14 10 a.m.

THE GREATEST OF THE YOUNGER PIANISTS
THE SUCCESSOR OF THE NOBLE RUBINSTEIN
MARK HAMBURG
MASSEY HALL Thursday Eve., Oct. 17
Prices 50c, 75c, \$1.00, balcony front 50c. extra. Sale of seats begins Saturday, Oct. 12th, at 9 a.m.
This is Mark Hamburg's first concert on the present tour and his 126th performance.



AMONG the many interesting features of Sir Gilbert Parker's "The Right of Way," which is to be produced in Toronto for the first time at the Princess Theatre next week by Klaw and Erlanger are the many references to Chasse Gallie, the popular Canadian superstition dating back to the days of the Coureurs de Bois, perpetuated by the voyageurs in the Northwest of Canada, and still alive in some of the remote French settlements near Montreal. The legend is as follows: A body of singing men going to visit their sweethearts before starting make a compact with the devil, and the conditions of this compact must be kept from the beginning to the end of the journey—the name of God must not be uttered; none may drink; no cross on steeple-top nor form of cross on tree-top or ground must be touched, or the devil wins.

Sir Gilbert Parker was, it is understood, particularly anxious that the premiere of "The Right of Way" should take place in Canada, as the entire action of the play is laid in and around Montreal.

The strong English company include many Toronto favorites, namely: Guy Standing, Theodore Roberts, Alexander Kearney, Miss May Buckley, Miss Alice Lonnien and Miss Mignon Beringer. From statistics supplied by Messrs. Copp, Clark & Co., the success of the novel, "The Right of Way," has far exceeded any other work by Sir Gilbert Parker, and the forthcoming production of the play has aroused very considerable local interest.

The story is told in six episodes. The first shows Charlie Steele in the height of his success as a lawyer and leader of his social world; he is a man without heart, a doubter and a wrecker of men for selfish reasons. There is a quick transition in the second episode, showing Steele seeking his recreations in the river tavern on the banks of the St. Lawrence. A blow and his memory is wiped out. Here playwright and novelist part. Sir Gilbert Parker did not answer the question of Steele's redemption, but left his readers with the impression that Steele died a suicide. Mr. Presbry, in his dramatization shows his salvation through faith, love and death. The play is a dramatized human question mark. It is the working out of the problem which every man faces in life. One man



Miss Eva Grau
A member of the Royal Alexandra Theatre Company, who are playing "Soldiers of Fortune" next week.

solves it and becomes a true man; the other fails and ends a criminal.

The presentation of "The Other Girl," the Augustus Thomas comedy by the Royal Alexandra Players this week goes far to show the versatility of the company. Next week will be another change, when "The Soldiers of Fortune" will be presented. This is a dramatization made by Augustus Thomas of Richard Harding Davis' well known novel. It was in this piece that Robert Edison made his first venture as a star. It had a long run at the Savoy Theatre in New York. The presentation here should be of unusual interest to playgoers, as it discloses Thomas in the uncostumed role of a dramatist instead of an original dramatist. Owing to the popularity of the novel no doubt the play will be liberally patronized.

The play is said to follow the book very closely. This would be easy for the dramatist as there are so many dramatic situations which were worked out by the author.

Robert Clay, the hero, is an American mining engineer, who goes to South America in the interests of the Valencia Mining Company, in which Langham, a New York capitalist, owns the controlling interest. Langham also goes to Olancho in search of health, taking with him his daughters, Alice and Hope, and his son, Teddy. A revolution is started by an adven-

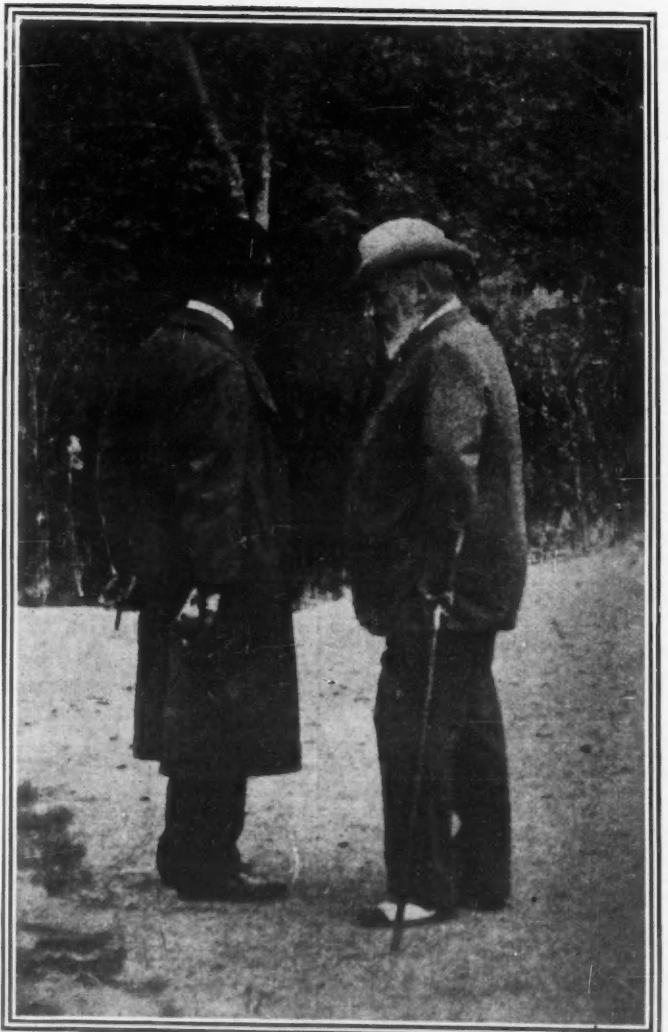
turer, General Mendoza, who attacks the franchise of the company in order to make political capital for himself. In the series of exciting adventures brought about by this warfare Clay displays fine heroism and judgment, with the result that he becomes practically the head of the company. The love interest is prominent through the course of the play, and the ending is, of course, a happy one.

For next week the bill that Manager Shea has procured for his popular vaudeville house includes the great novelty act "Jack the Giant Killer," presented by Captain George Auger & Company. The special attraction for the week will be Clarice Vance, the Southern singer. Other acts on the bill are: The Eight Bedouin Arabs, Felix and Barry, Manuel Romane, Shields and Rogers, Werden and Taylor. The kinetograph will show new and interesting pictures as usual.

Mr. Sam Bernard and his method of fun-making have many admirers in Toronto, for very large audiences have attended the performances of "The Rich Mr. Hoggeneheimer," at the Princess Theatre this week, and I have yet to hear anyone say he did not enjoy this rollicking musical farce in which Mr. Bernard has excellent scope for the display of his talent as an impersonator. The character of Mr. Hoggeneheimer, the Hebrew plutocrat, is taken from "The Girl from Kays," the play being a sequel to Mr. Bernard's former success, Mr. Hoggeneheimer leaves his gorgeous London home and goes to New York to look after his cub son, who he fears is in the clutches of a designing woman, and all manner of ludicrous complications follow. The piece is enlivened by dance and song. The company is large and quite capable, and the costumes and stage settings are handsome.

Mr. Metcalfe, the dramatic critic of New York Life, some time ago incurred the deep displeasure of the theatrical "trust" by unmercifully slating some of their plays. As a result he was excluded from a number of the New York theatres. The matter was taken to the courts, which, however, decided that the theatrical managers were within their rights in excluding at discretion either Mr. Metcalfe or anyone else, from the houses under their control. Now the critic is taking sweet revenge on every opportunity. Here is his latest thrust at his enemy: "Canadian statesmen are just now asserting that Canada has arrived, and that she has justified, or is justifying, her claim to a place among the nations. This seems to be true when Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger have recognized Canada's claim to recognition by decreeing that Toronto's newest and best theatre must be devoted exclusively to their vaudeville attractions and that legitimate plays and acting shall have no place or booking on its boards. Art of the Klaw and Erlanger kind knows no national boundaries and King Edward VII might as well abdicate so far as Canada is concerned; in fact, all of us might as well abdicate in favor of this enterprising and cultured firm."

Madame Emma Calve, world-famous soprano and idol of a score of countries, comes to Toronto for one concert on Monday, October 21, at Massey Hall. Recognized throughout the civilized world as the possessor of one of the most glorious voices with which human being was ever endowed, she is also recognized as the most consummate actress upon the operatic stage. Critics have declared that she has few equals upon the dramatic stage of any country as a player of parts, as a keen observer of life and character, and as a portrayer of vividly emotional roles. She herself has often said that she is an actress by instinct and a singer by accident. She was actually studying for the dramatic stage when someone discovered that she had a voice and turned her in the other direction. She has sometimes been criticized for breaking away from the director during the performance of an opera and singing in a different tempo from that deemed by the latter to be proper and fit. She says that she is led to do this by her dramatic instinct, because, to quote her own words, human emotion cannot be beaten out



The King and Sir Gilbert

The photograph, a recent one, shows King Edward conversing with Sir Gilbert Parker, author of "The Right of Way," the dramatization of which appears at the Princess Theatre next week.

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in measures. She has surrounded herself this season with a concert organization of unusual merit, including M. Daubigny, tenor; Mlle. Renee Chomet, a French violinist, concerning whom many fine things have been said in continental Europe, and M. Camille Decreus, the pianist who accompanied her on her concert

tour two seasons ago, and who has since played in all the great music centres of the old world.

"If it wasn't for one thing Tompkins would be the most successful liar I ever met." "And that?" "No one ever believes his lies."—Milwaukee Sentinel.

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THE musical season opened with a very interesting recital at the Conservatory of Music on Thursday evening of last week, by Messrs. Howard Massey Frederick, baritone, and George Wilson, pianist, two of the latest additions to the faculty of the institution. The interest taken in the event was shown in the fact that although it was raining in torrents the hall was nearly filled by a critical and decidedly musically cultured audience. Mr. Howard Massey Frederick, although a stranger to his hearers, won a pronounced favorable verdict. He gave a programme of songs which not only demonstrated his versatility, but testified to eclecticism of taste. Opening with Massenet's aria, "Vision Fugitive," in which he revealed a voice of effective timbre and a fervid style of expression, he followed with numbers by Franz, Tosti, Rics, Tschaikovsky and the "Pagliacci," and closing with a group of English songs by Johnson, D'Hardelot, Lohr and Fischer. Mr. Frederick showed, in all these, felicitous result of careful training under an acknowledged eminent master, and one could not but infer from his efforts that he has reached conspicuous success as a teacher himself. His greatest triumph was made in the English songs, which the audience enthusiastically applauded, insisting upon a double encore. He had the advantage of being accompanied by Mrs. Gerard Barton, who is now deservedly known as a most accomplished pianist and a thoroughly artistic accompanist. Mr. George Wilson also was given a most cordial reception. His numbers included Beethoven's sonata op. 31, Chopin's Ballade No. 1, Nocturne op. 15, No. 2, and Polonaise op. 53, and the Liszt Rhapsody No. 8. Mr. Wilson has a fluent technique, a firm and authoritative style and interprets his music with exceptional clarity. His expression is wholly free from effeminacy or sentimentality. It is hoped that the two artists will be heard again in recital in the near future.

Last Tuesday Miss Margaret Huston sailed for New York on the Oceanic. After singing there she will come to Toronto before returning to Germany to make her debut in opera. She has had remarkable success, both in England and Germany; the critics were particularly complimentary in writing of her singing of the Hugo Wolf songs. While in Toronto Miss Huston will probably give a recital so that her many friends can hear her.

A very successful service of praise was given in St. Simon's church last Sunday evening, when Garrett's "Harvest Cantata" was given, under the direction of Mr. J. W. F. Harrison. In response to numerous requests it will be repeated to-morrow evening.

When Grieg gave two concerts in Berlin a few months ago he was repeatedly invited by the Emperor to his palace. To a friend Grieg subsequently said: "The Emperor also invited me to play for him, and asked me a number of most intelligent questions on musical topics. He soon requested me to play some of my own pieces, and I think I have cause to flatter myself with the belief that they made a deep impression on the Kaiser and the others who were present." Grieg also was fond of referring to one incident which occurred a few years ago when he was the Emperor's guest on the yacht Hohenzollern. As the two were conversing on deck a cold breeze suddenly sprang up, whereupon the Kaiser gave his military cloak to the aged and frail composer. With this over his shoulders, Grieg walked up and down deck, when an officer said to him: "Take care! His Majesty's mantle is dragging." At that moment the Kaiser returned, and remarked with a smile: "The main thing is that our master must not catch cold."

More than 7,000 persons took a last look at the face of Edvard Grieg as he lay in the Art Museum at Bergen. Among the great number of those who sent messages of condolence to the widow was the German Emperor, whose words were: "I express to you my most cordial sympathy for the loss of your husband. He and his art will never be forgotten by me, nor by his countrymen, or

the Germans. May God comfort you in your grief. I have asked my ambassador to represent me at the funeral services, and to place a wreath on the coffin in my name. Wilhelm."

Grieg was not a pattern schoolboy. In a description of his days at school, he wrote: "Knowing that by arriving late I would not be allowed to enter the class until the end of the first lesson, I used, on wet mornings, to stand under a dripping roof until I was soaked to the skin. The master then sent me home to change my clothes, but the distance being long this was equivalent to giving me a dispensation! You may guess that I played this prank pretty often, but when at last I carried it so far as to come one day wet through, though it had hardly rained at all, they became suspicious, and kept a lookout. One fine day I was caught, and made an intimate acquaintance with the birch!"—St. James's Gazette.

Not so very long ago Sunday concerts were frowned on in London. Now they are being made great artistic events, and their popularity is immense. For its forthcoming series of Sunday concerts at Albert Hall the London Symphony Orchestra has engaged as conductors Nikisch, Safonoff, Weingartner, Schuch, Fiedler and others, among them a new Russian conductor of repute named Mlynaiski.

The latest story of Goldmark's vanity is told by Arnold Somlyo. One day as De Pachmann and Goldmark were leaving Goldmark's house, the pianist pointed back over his shoulder and said: "That modest little edifice will be signally distinguished after you are dead." The composer looked pleased, and De Pachmann continued: "It will be decorated with a tablet." "What do you suppose will be on the tablet?" asked Goldmark, and the malicious pianist answered: "To let."

W. R. Wadsworth, Esq., of the Bank of Toronto, was elected a director of Toronto Conservatory of Music in place of the late August Bolte.

Miss Marion L. Wilson, a graduate of the Conservatory of Music, has been appointed to the vocal staff.

Miss Madeleine Carter has been appointed to the vocal staff of the Conservatory of Music. Miss Carter was a pupil of Mr. David Ross during his stay in Toronto and will teach the old Italian method of singing as studied under him.

The rise of Francis Rogers, the well known baritone, whose local appearance is awaited with interest, has been steady, based solely upon artistic achievement in concert and oratorio. In England Mr. Rogers is fully well known as in this country, his London recitals being looked upon as events of more than ordinary importance. "In these days," writes Mr. L. C. Elson, in the Boston Advertiser, "when foreign vocalists enter the American concert field with all the prestige of European reputation, it is a pleasure to find an American artist who can vie with them in almost every school of vocal art. Mr. Rogers' programme was sufficient to prove a versatility far above the average, and not only his enunciation, but his comprehension of the spirit of the different schools of composition, made his recital delightful in every number." Mr. Rogers will appear at two concerts in December next under the auspices of the National Chorus.

The veteran organist, Dr. Torrington, has evidently lost none of his old skill. The Daily Sentinel Review, Woodstock, speaking of his recent recital in that town says: "Dr. Torrington brought out of the old organ the best that was in it, and his playing was of the kind to please the most critical of his audience, and each number was warmly applauded. He played with a skillful touch and a power of expression that showed him to be a master musician."

Miss Marietta La Dell and her clever concert company of Canadian artists opened their annual concert tour at Des Moines, Ia., October 1. They will travel from San Francisco to Old Mexico and as far south as Miami, Fla., returning to Toronto the end of May. The personnel of the

company is as follows: Mr. George Fox, Canada's favorite violinist; Miss Agnes Curren, a young singer with a beautiful mezzo-soprano voice of unusual range and quality; Miss Angela Edwards, graduate and medalist of the Royal Academy of Music, London, England, as solo pianist and accompanist; and Miss La Dell as elocutionist.

Mrs. Gerard Barton, the accomplished pianist of the faculty of the Conservatory of Music, has taken the place on the Toronto Ladies' Trio made vacant by the departure for England of Miss Quehen.

Miss H. Adele Blachford, soprano soloist at the Church of the Redeemer, has returned from her vacation and has resumed teaching at 663 Shaw street.

Mr. T. J. Palmer, A. R. C. O., organist and choirmaster of St. Paul's (Anglican) church, has joined the faculty of the Toronto Conservatory of Music in the organ department and is now available for lessons there. Immediately prior to coming to Toronto Mr. Palmer was organist and choirmaster of St. James' church, Stratford, and has become well and favorably known throughout Canada as an able exponent of the king of instruments.

Another important appointment to the Conservatory staff in this department, is that of Mr. H. A. Wheelodon, Mus. Bac., F. R. C. O., recently installed as organist and choirmaster of the Metropolitan church. Mr. Wheelodon has lately arrived in the city from London, England, and is an organist and composer of great merit. Mr. Wheelodon has studied under Dr. Crowe, late of Ripon Cathedral, to whom he was deputy organist, also under Dr. E. H. Turpin and C. W. Pearce, and has already made a favorable impression in Toronto, through his recitals on the Metropolitan church organ.

The Toronto College of Music (Dr. F. H. Torrington, musical director) will give its annual students' concert at Massey Hall, on Thursday, October 24. Tickets may be obtained at the Toronto College of Music, Pembroke street, or at the music stores. As there is usually a great demand for tickets at these concerts seats may be reserved at Massey Hall on and after October 21.

In her own particular field of entertainment Jessie Alexander has made an enviable reputation, and though now a resident of Southern California, Toronto is favored by her annual visits. In conjunction with Mme. Bessie Bonsall, another Toronto artist whose fame is more than local, a recital will be given at Association Hall on Friday, October 18. As neither of these ladies has been heard on the concert platform here for some time and will present a programme of new and varied selections, the event promises to be one of especial merit. Mr. Henry Lantz will be the accompanist. The sale of seats opens Monday at Nordheimer's.

CHERUBINO.

An illustrated lecture in French will be given by Monsieur Gaudet de Lestard, Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock, in the lecture hall of the Conservatory of Music. The subject of the lecture will be "Paris et le chateau de Versailles," and will be illustrated by many beautiful views of the capital of the republic and the palaces of the kings of France. Tickets may be secured at the office of the Conservatory of Music.

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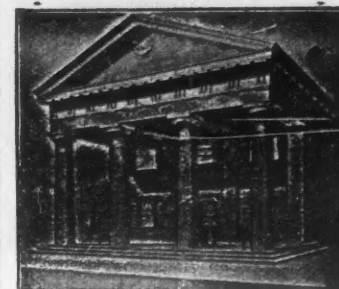
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SEALED TENDERS addressed to the under-
signed, and endorsed "Tender for Extension
of Lion's Head Wharf," will be received at
this office until Friday, October 18, 1907, inclu-
sively, for the construction of an extension
to the wharf at Lion's Head, Bruce County,
Ont., according to a plan and specification to
be sent at the offices of J. G. Sing, Esq., Resi-
dent Engineer, Confederation Life Building,
Toronto; H. J. Lamb, Esq., Resident Engineer,
London, Ont., on application to the Postmaster,
at Lion's Head, Ont., and at the Department
of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made
on the printed form supplied, and signed with
the actual signatures of tenderers.
An accepted cheque on a chartered bank,
payable to the order of the Honourable the
Minister of Public Works, for one thousand
one hundred dollars (\$1,100.00), must accompany
each tender. The cheque will be forfeited if
the person tendering declines the contract or
fails to complete the work contracted for, and
will be returned in case of non-acceptance of
tender.

The Department does not bind itself to ac-
cept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
FRED. GELINAS,
Secretary

Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, September 20, 1907.
Newspapers will not be paid for this advertise-
ment if they insert it without authority from
the Department.



Synopsis of Canadian North-west HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS

ANY even numbered section of Dominion
Lands in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and
Alberta, excepting 8 and 28, not reserved,
may be homesteaded by any person who is the
sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years
of age, to the extent of one quarter section of
160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person
by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency
or sub-agency for the district in which the land
is situated. Entry by proxy may, however, be
made at an Agency on certain conditions by the
father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister
of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the
homestead duties under one of the following
plans:

(1) At least six months' residence upon and
cultivation of the land in each year for three
years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, per-
form the required residence duties by living on
farming land owned solely by him, not less than
eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his
homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet
this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is
deceased) of a homesteader has permanent
residence on farming land owned solely by him,
not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the
vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead
entered for by him in the vicinity, such home-
steader may perform his own residence duties
by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding
paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than
nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the
width of road allowance crossed in the measure-
ment.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his
residence duties in accordance with the above
while living with parents or on farming land
owned by himself must notify the Agent for the
district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to
the Commissioner of Dominion Lands at Ottawa,
of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORRY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

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TORONTO

Speaking of the gambling instinct,
The Lady's Pictorial says: If every
card were destroyed and horse-rac-
ing made a capital offence, there
would still be found means of trying
to make money without doing any
adequate work for it.

The Point of View

THE English House of Com-
mons is trying hard to show
that Englishmen no longer
"dearly love a lord," and
if the peers of the realm do
not find that they are shorn of some
of the powers as well as some of their
fine feathers, it will be due to lack
of power on the part of their adver-
saries and not to lack of will. But
by one of the curious inconsistencies
of English life, remarks The Argo-
naut, the king goes on creating peers
as though the hereditary principle of
English society had discovered the
lapis philosophorum and were en-
dowed with life for evermore. Per-
haps it is so.

When a peer mixes with his fellow
mortals of baser clay he looks very
much like them, although rather
more so. To see him at his best he
must be inspected upon official occa-
sions, and then we shall see how true
it is that clothes make the man. A
new peer must always wear his best
clothes when he appears in the gilded
chamber for the first time, and then
indeed he is a sight for men and
angels. Gorgeously attired, and
flanked on either side by his intro-
ducers, the new lord advances to
the throne, bows to it three times,
indifferent to the fact that royalty is
represented only by the lord chan-
cellor, who returns his salutations and
makes a solemn pretense of examining
his patent of nobility. The three
peers, the new one and his two sup-
porters, then make nine genuflections
to the throne, three each, and the
ceremony is over. The new peer re-
tires to think over his dignities and
to check his tailor's bill, and the
world goes on pretty much the same
as it did before.

It costs something to be made a
peer. There are regular fees that
must be paid to the Herald's College
for the letters of nobility, and these
depend upon the particular step of
the social ladder that has been at-
tained. A baron pays \$750, a vis-
count \$1,000, an earl \$1,250, a mar-
quis \$1,500, and a duke \$1,750. No
reduction is made for a quantity, and
the Duke of Wellington, who was a
baron, a viscount, an earl, a marquis,
and a duke, had to disburse to the
tune of \$6,250 and the tailor's bill
on top of it all.

The tailor's bill is a consideration.
The robes are made of very fine royal
scarlet cloth, trimmed with ermine,
the rank of the wearer being indi-
cated by the number of ermine bars
which encircle the upper or shoulder
part of the robe. A duke shows four
of these bars, a marquis three and a
half—the latter going just half way
round—an earl three, a viscount two,
and a baron only one. The cost of
the robes varies according to the
capacity of the peer to drive a good
bargain, but the average price of a
set is about \$1,000.

With something more than a sug-
gestion of giddiness, the New York
Evening Post returns to a consid-
eration of woman and her ways. To
attempt to know the unknowable has
always been a human frailty, and one
might have supposed that the Even-
ing Post, at least, would recognize
the confines of human wisdom and
refrain from an investigation fore-
doomed to failure. Upon a previous
occasion we expressed some fear-
some admiration for the inquiry un-
dertaken by the Evening Post into
the ways in which women lunch and
the curious things that they do upon
such occasions. Now we have a
similar exploration of "The Woman
on Shipboard," with a discriminating
collection of facts from which the
wise may draw their own conclusions
or admit their inability to draw any
conclusions at all.

Now why does the woman on ship-
board crave to sit near the captain?
Experienced travelers of the male
persuasion cherish a belief that the
food at the captain's table is slightly
superior to that elsewhere, and prob-
ably it is. The stewards are sup-
posed to take care that nothing in-
ferior shall come under the captain's
eye, but this may be a superstition,
and in any case women know nothing
about it and are governed by quite
other motives. We are told of a re-
mark overheard from a cynical second
officer on an Atlantic liner, who said:
"There's just one compensation that
I can see in being second officer in-
stead of captain: One doesn't need to
have all the fool women who cross
sitting at his table. You'll find most
of them breaking their necks and
emptying their pocketbooks to the
saloon steward after lunch to get
seats near the captain."

The remark of the second officer
was a rude one and indefensible, but
then second officers have a lot to put
up with and allowance must be made.
But why do women want to sit at

the captain's table? for without ques-
tion they all have this ambition.

The answer is simple enough. It
is a caste distinction, for caste rules
on shipboard as elsewhere. The seats
are usually allotted by the purser,
who is advised by the stewards, and
the idea is to put the most important
people close to the throne and in the
full light of supreme authority. To
be selected for the captain's table is
therefore an evidence that in the
eyes of at least the purser you rank
somewhat above the common herd
who have to put up with the chief
officer, the chief engineer, or the doc-
tor.

In the case quoted by the Evening
Post the second officer evidently spoke
of the things that he knew:
"And he was right, for the passen-
ger lingering near the dining saloon
that afternoon had his curiosity re-
warded by overhearing such speeches
as, 'But I wrote to you about it from
London. I always sit at the captain's
table. I'm sure it's very strange that
I can't this trip,' or 'But I've crossed
with Captain X—three times, and
he's a personal friend. I shall speak
to him about it,' and others of like
tenor."

The successful were smiling com-
posedly, and wore their prettiest
gowns to dinner until they vanished
into their cabins, the victims of the
first storm. Why is it, one wonders,
that almost the initial thing a re-
turned woman traveller has to say
about the voyage is: 'And we sat at
the captain's table,' as if that were
the height of the voyager's ambition.
It is probably only one of the
idiosyncrasies that belong to women
on shipboard, where, perhaps better
than in most other places, these come
to light."

The Post, in its reckless way, refers
to other foibles of feminine travellers
while on shipboard. It mentions in-
discreet chatter, where partitions are
thin, and says that women are apt to
quarrel a good deal while on board
ship. To quote The Post again:

"Two friends of years' standing
left New York for Glasgow, intend-
ing to be together as far as Paris,
where they were to separate. In less
than a week they did not address
each other, except as the exigencies
of sharing a cabin demanded conver-
sation, and when the Scotch port was
reached one stayed over night at the
station hotel to avoid further neces-
sity for intercourse."

"I simply couldn't stand for her
selfish monopoly of the best of every-
thing," she confided to a sympathetic
passenger, while the other declaimed
pathetically a few feet away as the
steamer made her way up the Clyde,
"She is the most ungrateful creature.
After all I've done for her. I wasn't
expected to touch even a hairpin that
happened to be on her washstand." It
is not easy to survive the test of close
quarters and the sharing of the few
conveniences a stateroom affords,
and those who have met it success-
fully are better friends than ever for
the trial."

The Marienbad correspondent of
the New York World tells us some-
thing of the way in which rich Amer-
icans seek to recover their faded en-
ergies and get a new grip on life at
the famous baths. As a rule the
people rise at 6.30 a.m. and the Kreuz-
brunnen springs are crowded by 7
o'clock. Promenaders and water sip-
pers are to be seen until the clock
strikes 9, when everyone disappears
for breakfast. A few, but not many,
drink their first glass of water in
their rooms, and consider that the
constitutional taken during the pro-
cess of dressing is enough. However,
the second glass is always consumed
on the promenade, and a walk of at
least forty minutes should be in-
dulged in before taking breakfast.
The meal is quite simple fare: two
eggs, with rusks and coffee.

Of baths there are many varieties,
those composed of black mud being
the most popular, and there are steel
baths and other forms of soaking.

From noon to 1 or 1.30 o'clock
walking exercise is indulged in, then
comes luncheon. One may begin with
trout, then perhaps veal or chicken,
or venison cutlets, and afterward the
inevitable complot.

Those fond of exercise then play
golf or take long walks, while the
wicked—and alas, there are many—
retire for bridge, a game anathema-
tized by the doctors, who say that
much harm is done by sitting in stuffy
rooms playing cards.

At 6 o'clock the band begins to
play at the springs, more action is
gone through and shortly after 7
o'clock dinner or supper should be
taken, but there is a tendency to post-
pone the evening meal to 8 o'clock.
This meal consists of trout, partridge,
ham and complot.

By 10 or 10.30 the water drinkers
are supposed to retire for the night.

It is proposed to grade French
troops not according to height, but
to length of stride.

To a Cigarette.

A WAND to weave a magic veil
Before the truth,
The desert where I work—and fail,
And leave my youth.
I close my eyes and pass beyond
To wake amid
Saloons of silk and diamond.
A wand to bid
Flute thrill and violin entrance,
That I may yet
Again with dainty fancy dance
A minuet.

Then by alchemic fumes dispelled,
The tawny glow
Of littered ridge and mangy veldt
Grows pale and lo!
Beneath the Downs the white cliffs
tower
(Grey, green, white, grey),
Dimmed softly as the south-west
shower
Passes away.

Youth, sailing on a summer night,
Beholds the sea
Gemmed all around with points of
light,
And each may be
A pharos on a high-piled fort
Reared to protect
An ivory and purple port
Whose tides reflect
A throng of bannered galleons—
The fleet that brings,
Seeking romance and wealth, the sons
Of distant kings.

A light is reached at last and found
To flare upon
The effervescing swirl around
A reef whereon
Hope in a many-penned bark
At eager speed
Struck and sank dead amid the dark
Slow-swaying weed.

Though far astern the lights for me
Are dying now,
For ever you who come shall see
Above the bow
The diademed horizon ring,
The royal blue
And silver-dimpled sea—her swing
A-tulling you.
The gods, lest I forget that night,
Have left me yet,
In jest, a little gem alight,
A cigarette!

—R. Parnell in Pall Mall.

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onto 9.00 a.m., 12.01 p.m., 4.05 p.m.,
6.10 p.m. The 9.00 a.m. and 4.05 p.m.
carry through coaches and buffet
parlor cars and the 6.10 p.m. has
through coach and cafe parlor car to
Buffalo and through sleeper to New
York. The beauties of this scenic
route are rendered accessible to the
best advantage by the Grand Trunk
Railway, whose finely equipped trains
and perfect roadbed pass through the
heart of fruit orchards, farm lands,
and sylvan scenery. Secure your
tickets and make reservations at city
office, northwest corner King and
Yonge streets.

Among men and women there are
thorns and roses. No man likes to
be called a rose.

Among men and women there are
beauties and beasts. No man likes
to be called a beauty.

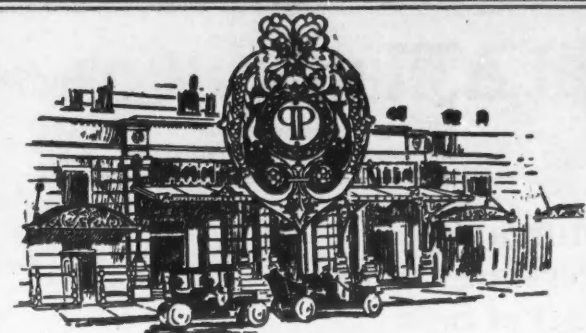
Among men and women there are
those who are too sweet for any-
thing, and those who are the reverse.
No man likes to be called too sweet
for anything.

Among men and women there are
strong-minded and weak. No woman
likes to be called strong-minded.

Among men and women there are
bosses and bossed. No woman likes
to be called a boss.—Lippincott's

"I say," said the old lady with the
high-pitched voice, as the jerk-water
slowed down at Grigsby station—"I
say, what is all this fuss about edu-
cating boys to be civil engineers?
The thing this 'ere country really
needs is a few civil conductors, and
less sassy brakemen."—Lippincott's.

"Men are so queer. Tell them after
the honeymoon that your love is
growing cold and they never glance
up from the paper." "No, but tell
them the soup is getting cold and they
jump about ten feet."—Detroit News.



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The Cradle, Altar and the Tomb

BIRTHS.

THOMSON—At Goderich, Oct. 1, to Mr. and Mrs. Howard W. Thomson, a daughter.

ROSS—At Toronto, Oct. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Victor Ross, a daughter.

WATSON—At Toronto, Oct. 3, to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. W. Watson, a daughter.

LANGRILL—At Virden, Man., Sept. 18, to Dr. and Mrs. E. R. Langrill, a son.

MOORE—At Toronto, Oct. 4, to Mr. and Mrs. Herbert E. Moore, a son.

PEART—At Welland, Sept. 20, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. A. Peart, a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

FENN-MARTINDALE—At "The Poplars," Alliston, Oct. 2, Ella Gertrude Martindale, to Edward Fenn, Bracebridge.

CRAIG-McCURDY—At Donoughmore Presbyterian church, Castlefin, County Donegal, Ireland, Sept. 18, Kathleen Isabella McCurdy, to James Donald Craig.

TOMILSON-BROWN—At St. James' Cathedral, London, on Sept. 30, Charles Tomilson, of Dunby House, Burnley, Yorkshire, England, to May Hinchcliffe Brown, daughter of Major F. W. and Mrs. Brown.

GRANT-DALTON-FARRELL—At Muree, Punjab, India, Lieut. Eustace Grant-Dalton, West Yorkshire Regiment, to Katharine Farrell, daughter of the late Dr. Edward Farrell, Halifax, N. S.

CLARE-AWDE—At Toronto, Sept. 19, Allison Mary Gertrude Awde, to George Francis Clare.

WRIGHT-RILEY—At Toronto, Oct. 2, Edith, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. J. Riley, of Bradford, Eng., next.

to Herbert Wright, of Toronto.

ANDERSON-MOFFAT—At Leduc, Alta., Oct. 1, Cora, daughter of Thos. Moffat, Esq., of Owen Sound, to H. Britton Anderson.

CAMBIE-NORDHEIMER—At Toronto, Oct. 9, Cecil Evelyn Boulton, daughter of S. Nordheimer, Esq., to Charles Cambie.

LAHMER-WISSWAESSER—At Toronto, Oct. 9, Elizabeth, daughter of Rev. C. L. Wisswaesser, of Sherwood, to Eli Lahmer, Veldore, Ont.

DEATHS.

MUNROE—At "The Poplars," Grafton, Oct. 7, Edith Alma, widow of the late Richard H. R. Munroe, barrister, Toronto, and daughter of the late James Barnum, Esq.

EQUI—At Toronto, Oct. 9, Louis Equi, in his 75th year.

WALSH—At Toronto, Oct. 9, Alice, wife of John J. Walsh.

MARK HAMBOURG'S RECITAL.

Mark Hambourg, the Russian pianist, will be the first of the notable visitors of the season to open his American tour. He will give twenty concerts in America between October 17 and December 15, when he will hurry back to fill his engagements in Europe. Hambourg is probably the busiest of all the big pianists. With his extraordinary repertoire of seven hundred compositions he has toured Australia, South Africa, and Europe from Turkey to Ireland, since his last visit here. Hambourg, by the way, objects to being called a Russian since he became a British subject and married the daughter of Sir Kenneth Muir Mackenzie, K. C. B., K. C. He will be accompanied by his bride. His first concert on this American tour will be at Massey Hall, Toronto, on Thursday evening next.

SOCIETY

ON Thursday, October 17, the annual distribution of prizes at St. Andrew's College will take place. Invitations have been sent out from the president, directors and principal for this event.

The visit of the stork to Mr. and Mrs. James Cantlie's home in Winnipeg with the gift of a son and heir has been the *raison d'être* of many congratulations. The baby and his mama were both doing exceedingly well at last reports.

Mrs. G. W. Ross received on Tuesday at her home in Elmsley place and had many visitors, some of whom, having been happy enough to meet her formerly, were eager to bid her welcome to their circle, others to learn of her charm and grace of mind and manner. The Senator was also holding *te-te* receptions of old friends in one of the parlors. Two or three pretty girls, matronized by that very girlish matron, Mrs. Lesslie Wilson, waited in the tearoom, where a dainty teatable was set with many good things. Mrs. Ross looked a charming hostess in a cream lace and voile gown with folds of panne satin in shades of violet and pale blue. She is a distant acquisition to Toronto society of the more cultured grade. Among those calling about six were: Mrs. Hoskin, of the Dale; Mrs. Loudon, Mrs. Galbraith, Mrs. McPhedran, Mrs. Rose, Mrs. Fraser, and several others.

Mrs. Van Straubenzee received for the first time last Friday in her flat in Spadina Gardens. She and her bridesmaids were a most attractive group, and everyone seemed to be calling.

Captain Elmsley will be in Toronto the middle of November.

Mrs. Douglas Young is in town, visiting Mrs. W. Gwynn. Mrs. Charles McDougall is also in town and was at the wedding last Wednesday. Mrs. Paul Krell has been motoring in Ireland, and enjoying the Lakes of Killarney. Mrs. Montgomery, of Chatham, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Crease. Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Pigott are settled in a nice flat in the St. George. Mrs. Clinch has returned to town. Mrs. Fane Sewell was an admired guest at the wedding on Wednesday. Miss Lola Powell has returned to Ottawa.

Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, of Carbrooke, are giving an afternoon reception next Friday from 4.30 to 7.30 for President and Mrs. Falconer.

The Misses Mortimer Clark came with Lady Clark to the Cambie-Nordheimer wedding on Wednesday, Major Macdonald being in attendance. His Honor was unfortunately out of town on official business.

Among the season's debutantes is Miss Marjorie Perry, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Perry, Prince Arthur avenue.

Miss Jean Alexander, who has been ill for some time, is now much stronger and will, everyone hopes, soon be back in the gay world, where her winsome presence is always welcome.

The lady patronesses of the ball to be given by the president and members of the Victoria Club are: Lady Clark, Mrs. Sweny, Mrs. Cosby, Mrs. W. D. Wilson, Mrs. J. B. Kay, Mrs. Harton Walker, Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, Mrs. R. S. Wilson, Mrs. W. D. Ross, Mrs. Glackmeyer, Mrs. Geo. McMurrich and Mrs. G. de C. O'Grady. Mr. A. E. McMurrich is acting secretary, and is surrounded by a committee who are determined to make this ball a great success.

Mr. D. B. Wood, of Brantford, has removed to Toronto, where he will conduct a milling business. He had been mayor of Brantford, a prominent member of the Board of Trade and president of the Liberal Association.

Mrs. Harry E. Baine, of Ottawa, with her two little sons, is in town, the guest of her mother, Mrs. W. R. Squarey.

Mrs. Miles, Russell street, will give a *debut* tea for her daughter, Blanche, on Saturday, October 26. The guests will be all of the young set.

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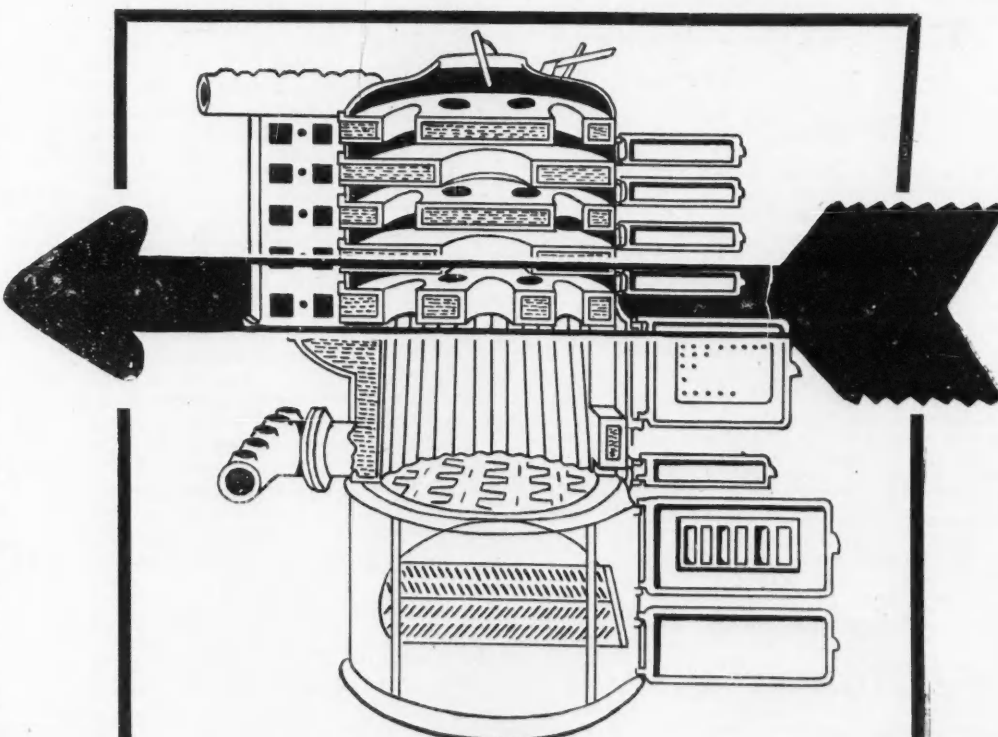
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Teacher's "Highland Cream" Scotch Whisky

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You are offered something just as good. Perhaps you are deceived in thinking it is and buying it. A little wear and then it shows its true colors and you are sorry. It is always well to buy from the store the other imitator. Then you are sure of the best, the longest wearing and the most stylish, and that is easily the cheapest.

Get the Pompadour Bang, Switch, Wave or Curl at PEMBER'S. They are genuine.

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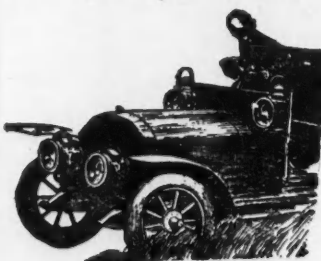
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For Universal Rims.

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"You say she has her voice under perfect control?" "Quite." "Then why doesn't she choke it off sometimes?"—Washington Herald.

Society at the Capital

AMONG the younger set it has been generally agreed that last season was socially one of the dullest that has for many years transpired in the capital and dances were decidedly "few and far between." This year, however, from present appearances there promises to be no dearth of the gayer form of function, and already there are quite a number on the tapis for the next two months. Mrs. George Perley has made arrangements for a ball to be held in the Old Racquet Court on October 24, at which her only daughter, Miss Ethel Perley, who has just returned from school in France, will make her initial bow to society. Mrs. A. J. Christie is another hostess who this year has a charming debutante daughter, Miss Katie Christie, for whom she will give a "come-out" ball at the Golf Club on the 30th, and in the same week Mrs. W. H. A. Fraser's two daughters, Miss Lottie and Miss Mildred Fraser, will make their debut at a ball in the Racquet Court. Mrs. Berkeley Powell has chosen the middle of November to entertain at a large dance when another most attractive "bud" will be welcomed to society's ranks, in her second daughter, Miss Evelyn Powell, who has this year returned from school abroad, and is already a great favorite with her young companions. Added to these anticipated events there are rumors that the list of festivities will be swelled by the addition of two large dances which will be given during the Christmas holidays in honor of two more of the season's large number of fair debutantes. Mrs. Fred Carling will introduce to society her daughter, Miss Gladys Carling, and Miss Anna Oliver, third daughter of Hon. Frank Oliver, Minister of the Interior, and Mrs. Oliver, will also celebrate her coming-out with a large ball.

Included in the long list of this year's debutantes, of which it is said there will be nearly forty, besides those already mentioned there will be: Miss Isabel Sherwood, daughter of Col. A. P. and Mrs. Sherwood; Miss Lillias Ahearn, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Ahearn; Miss Eleanor Girouard, third daughter of Hon. Mr. Justice and Madame Girouard; Miss Constance Anderson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Anderson; Miss Corinne Parent, daughter of Hon. S. N. and Madame Parent; Miss Gladys Cook, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cook; Miss Marion Macdougall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Lorn Macdougall; Miss Oswald Haycock, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Haycock; Miss Marjorie Macpherson, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Duncan Macpherson, besides many others who will in November be presented at the drawing-room.

The cricket match on Government House grounds on Wednesday and Thursday, between the English and Canadian teams brought out a large number of ladies as well as the sterner sex on each afternoon, and while the match was going on Mrs. Harold McGivern, wife of the president of the Ottawa Cricket Club, entertained at tea which was served in a large marquee, the buffet being most attractively decorated with crimson and white asters. The weather was bright and balmy and the lovely grounds presented a brilliant appearance with the large gathering of well dressed onlookers.

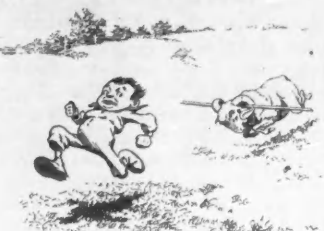
Among the first of the bright teas of the season was one given by Mrs. Crombie as a farewell to her sister, Mrs. Baldwin, of Rome, Italy, when a group of her friends very much enjoyed an hour's chat with this popular visitor who leaves Canada in a few days. Miss Marguerite Crombie dispensed tea and dainty confections from a table prettily decorated with sweet peas.

Another charming little tea, also in the nature of a farewell, was given by Mrs. Fred Carling on Thursday, when a number of ladies were invited to bid good-bye to Mrs. Harry Pattee, Mrs. Carling's sister-in-law, who with her husband leaves shortly for her home in Riverside, California, after spending the summer in Canada and points in the Northern States.

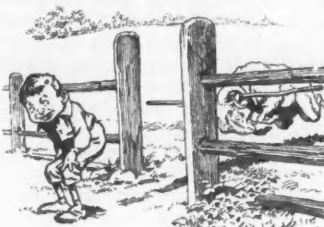
Mrs. C. A. E. Harris, that most charming and hospitable of hostesses, gave another delightfully arranged dinner at "Earnescliffe," on Wednesday, in special honor of two English guests, who spent a few days at



HE



LAUGHS



BEST



WHO LAUGHS LAST.

—Life.

"Earnescliffe," before going to Toronto—Mrs. Herbert Baggalley, who was Miss Julia Lowrey, daughter of Mrs. Hayter Reed, and her friend, Miss English-Harrison. Mrs. Harris' guests on this occasion included Major and Mrs. Vernon Eaton, Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Broderick, Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert Fauquier, Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Fleming, Miss Muriel Burrows, Miss Alice Fitzpatrick, Miss Grace Ritchie, Miss Claire Oliver, Miss Eleanor Girouard, Mr. Gladwyn Macdougall, Mr. J. F. Smellie, Mr. J. A. Ritchie, Col. Shore, Mr. Edward Pope, Mr. Archie Gray and Mr. Roy Irwin.

Col. and Mrs. S. H. Graves who left the capital two years ago to reside in St. Catharines are being heartily welcomed back among their old friends in Ottawa where they have decided to again take up their residence, having purchased a house in Belmont avenue, and are now getting settled.

THE CHAPERONE.
Ottawa, Oct. 7, 1907.

De Amicilia.

WHEN hollow hearts are most unkind,
When weeps the rain and sobs the wind,
True as the polar star I find
M'umbrella.

When lightnings flash and thunders roar,
When tempest rage and torrents pour,
Faithful and fearless at the door,
M'umbrella.

A sentry straight from head to heel,
All clad in silk and ribbed with steel,
He keeps my gate with sleepless zeal,
M'umbrella.

And in the field a comrade bold,
Above my head his shield cloth hold,
To guard me from my death of cold,
M'umbrella.

There's many a face that's false and fair;
There's many a foeman unaware;
But evermore my life shall share
M'umbrella.

And when his ribs are rudely hit,
And when his silks are sorely split,
I'll get him a complete refit,
My tried,
(Suppressed emotion),
M'umbrella.

—Puck.

Origin of Games in England.

CRICKET, as we know it now, really commenced with the meeting of Sir Horace Mann, the Duke of Dorset, and Lord Tankerville at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, in 1744, when rules and regulations for the game were drawn up, much as we now have them, says Answers, of London. From that time the big schools began to play the game seriously, Eton and Westminster being the chief ones at the start, and by 1771 we find Yorkshire offering to play Nottinghamshire, or vice-versa, in friendly encounters.

Football, as it is played in England to-day, had its origin at three of our greatest schools. The oldest game is that of Rugby, which was first played at the school of that name in the form that we know it now. You will recollect that "Tom Brown" found it in full swing when he arrived at Rugby about 1835, or so. The Old Rugbeians and old boys of Blackheath School founded the first Rugby club of note, Blackheath, in 1858, and Richmond Rugby Club was started in the following year. It was not till 1871, however, that these and some other London clubs combined to form the English Rugby Union.

Football was played at Westminster and Charterhouse Schools, as well as Rugby, before 1840. But the playgrounds of these London schools were very limited; that of Charterhouse was but a small enclosure, whilst Westminster played on the small green in Dean's Yard. Hence tackling, scrimmaging, and other points of the Rugby style of play were very unsuitable and dangerous in their case. So they adopted rules which kept the game down to a dribbling one as its chief principle, and thus arose the Soccer game as it is now played, almost identically the same as that of Westminster and Charterhouse seventy years ago.

It was in 1860 that Sheffield, probably from some "Old Boys" of

these two great schools who had gone to reside or work about there—began to take up the Soccer game vigorously. Then in 1861 the "Crystal Palace" and "Civil Service" formed clubs in London, and in 1863 the Football Association came into existence, and Soccer football, or "Association," to give it its older name, was fairly set going.

Seeing the sources whence the two styles of football began, it is worth remembering that some of the very finest exponents of each branch of the game have come from those very schools.

Fives were originated as a game at Eton, from the practice of boys playing at knocking a soft ball against the wall of the chapel between two buttresses near the steps. The peculiar result obtained from break and spin when the ball lighted on this or that step, etc., led to certain rules being formed for the game, and so the sport developed into a well-known and properly organized game, especially after the other public schools, such as Harrow and Winchester, took it up seriously. Its origin was about the year 1840, and it shows how ball games arise, for there is an inherent human tendency to throw balls, and the growth of rules is but a matter of time.

Hockey was evolved by two clubs from the old game of knocking a ball along with a stick. The Blackheath Hockey Club played its first, in 1855, with what was called the "Union" rules. Then the East Surrey Club played with slightly revised rules, and had a match with Blackheath in 1875 under their own code with so-called "Association" rules. In 1886 the two codes were amalgamated under the name of "Association," and the present rules were set permanently in force.

Mistress—Did the mustard plaster do you any good, Bridget?
Maid—Yes; but, be gorry, mum, ut do bite the tongue!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Friend—Good start, old man, you've a frightful cold. What are you taking for it?
Sick Man (hoarsely)—Advice.—Smart Set.

There was a man in Atchison
Whose trousers had rough patchison.
He found them great,
He'd often state,
To scratch his parlor matchison.
—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Last winter you promised that in the spring you would pay me the hundred marks I lent you."
"Pardon, madame, but this year we have had no spring!"—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

"My bride wanted to go on a week's wedding tour, and I wanted to stay at home. Well, we compromised by going on a tour around the world!"—Translated from Meggendorfer Blätter.

"If I were you, I'd throw dishes at that husband of yours!"
"I've tried it, but it's useless. He used to be a juggler!"—Translated from Fliegende Blätter.

Post: That man down in the arbor making love is a divinity student.
Parker: Yes, I know—but who is the divinity?—The Editor.



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The Bell Piano is no ordinary good instrument, but one that is in several respects the superior of all others now manufactured. We say this, and mean every word that we say. This instrument is the product of skill and pains; it is the result of years of study to produce a piano of faultless scale, of superbly beautiful tone quality, of delightful touch and highly artistic appearance.

The best way to ascertain for yourself how unusually fine is the quality of the Bell Piano is to visit our warerooms and see the Piano for yourself. We are always pleased to have visitors.

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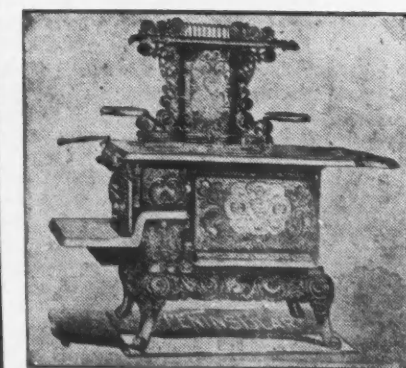
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Bear vs. Birch-Bark

By Charles G. D. Roberts

IT was on the upper waters of the Oromocto that the case of Bear v. Birch-Bark was decided. This tributary of the St. John is one of the noted trout streams of New Brunswick. Hither had my friend C— and I betaken ourselves in our birch-bark canoe, to cool off a little, get the city dust out of our eyes, and, most important of all, to take some Oromocto trout.

The Oromocto is for the most part much less rapid than any other trout river of New Brunswick; in fact, for long distances its current is quite sluggish, a characteristic finely suited to our indolent and luxuriousness of mood. Paddling quietly, or poling when the water was swift, we had soon left behind us all traces of civilization.

For my part I didn't feel like loafing or lotus eating. The fever for specimens was upon me. One afternoon I had visions of gorgeous butterflies, rare feathered fowl and various other strange, lovely things thronging my brain; so I put into the canoe the gauze net and double-barreled breechloader, and set off up stream in a vague search after some novelty.

Let me confess it, my taste was destined to be gratified beyond my hopes. Indeed, for some time afterward I had much less relish for novelties.

Above our camping ground the river for some distance was swift and deep. Beyond this it widened out and became almost a motionless lake. Along these still reaches the shores were comparatively low, and less heavily wooded, with here and there a little corner of meadow, a bit of wet marsh covered with cat-tails, or a dense, fragrant thicket of Indian willow. There were water lily leaves in broad patches right across the stream, and the air was gay with green and purple dragon flies, which lit on my gunwale and glittered in the sun like jewels. There was not even a rustle of leaves to break the silence.

At last, as I noiselessly rounded a low bushy point, right ahead I saw a splendid blue heron which was watching intently for minnows in the shallow water. He spread his broad wings and rose instantly. I had just time to let him have one barrel as he disappeared over a thicket of alders, flying so low that his long legs swept their tops. I felt certain I had hit him, for straightway arose a great crackling and struggling among the bushes beyond. In my haste I failed to notice that this disturbance was rather too violent to be proceeding from any wounded bird, unless it were a dodo.

Running my birch ashore alongside of a mouldering trunk which had fallen with half its length in the stream, I made my way, gun in hand, through the underwood without stopping to reload my empty barrel. There was no sign of the blue heron where my bird was supposed to have fallen, but to my unlimited astonishment I beheld a black bear cub making off at his very best speed, badly scared.

At my sudden appearance he gave a curious bleat of alarm and redoubled his efforts to escape. He had little cause for alarm, however, as I did not want him for a specimen, and had I wanted him ever so much I could not well have bagged him, with no heavier ammunition than bird shot. I was watching his flight with a sort of sympathetic amusement when, with a most disagreeable suddenness and completeness, the tables were turned upon me. In the underbrush behind me I heard a mighty crackling, and there, to my astonishment was the old she bear in a fine rage, rushing to the rescue of her offspring. Considering that the offspring's peril was not immediate, I thought she need not have been in such a tremendous hurry.

She had cut off my retreat. She was directly in the line of my sole refuge, my faithful and tried birch-bark. There was no time left for meditation. I darted straight toward the enemy. Undaunted by this boldness she rose upon her hind legs to give me a fitting reception. When almost within her reach I fired my charge of bird-shot right in her face, which, not unnaturally, seemed somewhat to confuse her for a moment. It was a moment of diversion in my favor. I made the most of it. I dashed past, and had gained some paces towards the canoe when my adversary was again in full chase, more furious than ever. As I reached the canoe she sprang upon the other end of the log, and was almost aboard of me ere I could seize the paddle and thrust out.

Fortunately, I had headed down stream been deep I should mere-water without hesitation. Had the stream been deep I should have merely have laughed at this but in these

shallows it was no laughing matter. The channel was deep enough to impede the bear's running, but by no means to make the running impossible. I felt that the question of speed between us was now a painfully doubtful one. My back bent to the paddle. The broad blade flashed through the water with all the force and swiftness I was master of. Close behind, though I could not spare time to look back, I could hear the animal plunging in pursuit, and I was drenched with the spray of her splashing. I was a skillful canoeist; I have won many races, but never was another canoe race I was so bent upon winning as this one.

At last, snatching a glance over my shoulder, I saw that I had gained, though slightly. It was well I had, for the tremendous pace was one which I could keep up no longer. I knew the deep water was still far ahead, and I knew, too, the obstinacy and tireless strength of my pursuer. There was, therefore, a grave uncertainty in my mind as to whether I could succeed in holding the lead much longer. I slackened a little, saving my strength all I could, but the bear at once made up the lost ground, and my breathing space was brief. At a little short of my best, but still at a killing pace, I found I could keep out of reach. But if a shoal or a sunken log should come in the way, or any little obstruction, the game was up. With this chance in view I had little leisure for watching my pursuer's progress. I could hear, however, and feel quite too much of it.

After what seemed an age of this desperate racing we came to a part of the stream where I expected a change in my favor. For a quarter of a mile I would have a fair current, in a narrower and deeper channel. Here I gained ground at once. I relaxed my efforts a good deal, gave my aching arms a moment's rest and watched the angry bear wallowing clumsily after me, able not neither, to run nor swim. This ended the matter, I fondly imagined; and drew a long sigh of relief.

But I was far yet from being out of the woods. I had begun to "hollo" too soon. When the bear saw that I was soon to escape she took to the land, which just here was fairly open and unobstructed, and to my horror she came bounding after me, along the water's edge, at a rate which I could not hope to rival. But in the pause I had recovered my breath and my strength. I shot onward, and my antagonist had a hard gallop before she overhauled me. I could mark now every bound of her big black form. The sharp chattering laugh of a kingfisher startled me, and I noticed the bird fly off down the stream, indignant. How I wished I might borrow his wings. Just then the bear, having got a little in advance of me, sprang for midstream, so sagaciously timing her effort that had I kept on she must inevitably have seized or upset me. But it was this that I was on the watch for. In the nick of time I backed water with all my might, swerved aside and darted past close behind her—so close that I could have clutched her shaggy hindquarters. I had no especial reason for attempting this feat, however, so I sped on.

And now began a second stretch of shoals. For the next half mile it was much the same old story, save that I had gained a better start. There was one little variation, however, which came near making an end of the whole affair. In rounding a sharp turn I did just what I had been dreading—ran aground. It was only on the skirts of a sloping shoal, and I was off again before I had time to think; but the distance between pursuer and pursued had grown painfully less in that moment. I could all but feel the animal's hot breath upon the back of my neck. The strain was terrible, but soon I began to take heart again. I thought to myself that surely I could hold out till clear of these last shallows; and after that I knew the shores were such as might be expected to baffle this most indomitable of bears. When again we reached deep water I was paddling a splendid stroke, and the bear apparently as fresh and as wrathful as ever, was floundering along perhaps two canoe lengths in the rear.

By this time the camp was in sight, a good half-mile off. I beheld C— come lazily out of the tent, take a glance at the situation and dart back again. Gun in hand he reappeared and ran up the shore to meet us. Feeling now that I had matters pretty well my own way I waved him back. So he took his stand on the summit of a precipitous bluff and awaited the chance for a shot.

As soon as the bear found herself again compelled to swim, with a snort and a growl she turned shoreward to repeat her former maneuver. She took the opposite shore to that occupied by C—. The banks

were steep and crumbly, clothed along the top with brush and fallen trees and rocks and a tangle of wild vines. Yet the unwearied brute managed to overcome these difficulties by her stupendous strength, and actually outstripped me once more. It was all she could accomplish, however, and just as she sprang for the canoe the edge of the bank gave way beneath her weight, and in an avalanche of stones and loose earth she rolled head over heels into the river. I was far away before she could recover herself. I saw she was utterly disgusted with the whole thing. She clambered ashore and on top of the bank stood stupidly gazing after me. Then I laughed and laughed till my overstrained sides were bursting. I could hear peals of mirth from C— at his post on the bluff, and was calmed at last by a fear lest his convulsions might do him some injury. Reaching our landing place, I only waited to pull the canoe's nose up on the grass, then threw myself down quite exhausted. A moment later the bear gave herself a mighty shaking and, accepting her defeat, moved sullenly up stream. Then, turning with pride my trusty birch, with her swift and graceful outlines, I fervently congratulated myself that the case of Bear vs. Birch-Bark was satisfactorily settled at last.

The Picture Post Card.

A soldier of the legion lay dying in Algiers—

You remember all the details of the lack of woman's tears—
How his comrade bent beside him while his life blood ebbed away.
Bent with sympathetic glances, just to hear what he might say;

You remember of the letter and the token just a line.

To be taken back to Bingen—to Bingen on the Rhine—

I have heard from sources truthful that the letter that has starred
Through these many years of reading was a Picture Postal Card

On the pyramids of obelisks or something of the kind—

I was never much for detail—o'er in Africa you'll find
Quaint inscriptions, funny pictures, whose real meaning was unknown.

Till some delving antiquary found the queer Rosetta stone;

I have heard and think it likely that the pictures and the things

Long supposed to be the annals of a line of mighty kings

Were not annals or the verses of the best Egyptian bards,
But old Rameses's collection of Egyptian Postal Cards.

When the Ark had settled gently on the top of Ararat

And when Noah coined that telling speech "Pray tell me where we're at."

When the dove was loosed and fluttered from the window into space
To discover if the freshet had subsided any place,

You remember the returning, how the dove bore in its bill

Something that brought joy to Noah, that there were some islands still;

I have heard and give it credence, though to shake old faiths is hard,

It was not a sprig of myrtle—but a Picture Postal Card.

—J. W. Foley in Chicago Record Herald.

The most crowded session of the church congress in old London east, this week, was that addressed by Squire Bancroft, the actor, on the subject of the art of reading and preaching. He said:

"When we call to mind the rare cost lavished upon choral services and the pains and practice taken to acquire skill to chant the litany melodiously why isn't the same labor bestowed on teaching young clergymen to speak audibly? The first duty of a preacher is to make himself heard. The second is that he must be impressive and convincing."

"As a humble member of various congregations I have heard many sermons. Most of them I have entirely forgot, a few I will remember till I die. Why are most sermons forgotten immediately? Because they are badly delivered. Why are so many of the clergy who are simple, unaffected, delightful companions six days in the week, clothed in artificiality on the seventh day?"

"Many preachers know nothing of voice production, using all the head notes instead of the chest notes, and in this way fall victims to the well known clergyman's sore throat. I never heard of an actor's sore throat."

"A bishop once asked David Garrick: 'Can you tell me why you players who deal with romance can profoundly move an audience while we preachers who deal with reality fail to do so?' Garrick answered:

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Caballeros size, 10c. straight, Box of 50, \$4.50 - - Perfectos size, 15c. straight, Box of 25, \$3.25

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"Yes. It is because we players act fiction as if it were the truth, while you preachers too often speak the truth as if it were but fiction."

"Every curate should pass an examination before he is allowed to mount a pulpit. If as a critic I have said one word to hurt I am sorry. If as an actor I have said one word to help I am glad."

No one has ever seen the sun. This is not an epigrammatic pleasantry, but the cheerless, scientific truth, says the Pall Mall Magazine. A series of

concentric shells envelopes a nucleus of which we know absolutely nothing, except that it must be almost indefinitely hotter than the fiercest furnace, and that it must amount to more than nine-tenths of the total solar mass. That nucleus is the real sun, forever hidden from us.

First Man: "I hear that Smith sends everything he shoots to the hospital instead of to the game dealer." Second Man: "How good of him! What does he go in for mostly—ducks, quail or deer?" First

Man: "No; he only shoots game-keepers."—Tit-Bits.

Once at a dinner at which Liszt was present, the hostess suddenly exclaimed in alarm that there were thirteen at table. "Don't let that distress you, madam," said Liszt, with a reassuring smile, "I'll eat for two!"—Democratic Telegram.

Scribner—I understand the inmates of the Home for the Feeble-Minded are going to publish a magazine. Quibbler—Isn't the field rather overcrowded?—Philadelphia Record.